

THE ILLUSTRATED
SPORTING & DRAMATIC
NEWS

No. 221.—VOL. IX.

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1878.

[REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

PRICE SIXPENCE.
By Post 6d.



MISS BRUCE.

RAILWAYS.

SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY.
THE SHORTEST ROUTE TO EPSOM.

EPSOM SPRING RACES,
On Tuesday, 30th April, and Wednesday, 1st May.

Frequent Trains will run during these days from Waterloo, Vauxhall, Hammersmith, Kensington, West Brompton, Chelsea, Battersea and Clapham Junction Stations, to Epsom.

On both days Ordinary Fares, as follows, will be charged to Epsom from 9.0 a.m. up to and including a Train at 11.20 a.m. from Waterloo (11.17 a.m. from Kensington) and from Epsom after 6.0 p.m., viz.:

	1st Class.	2nd Class.	3rd Class.
Single Journey ...	2s. 3d.	1s. 9d.	1s. 2d.
Return Tickets ...	3s. 6d.	2s. 3d.	2s. 2d.

Passengers holding Ordinary Return Tickets at the above Fares cannot return from Epsom until after 6.0 p.m. on each of the Race Days.

SPECIAL TRAINS will run from Waterloo, Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, and Wimbledon stations to Epsom after 11.20 a.m. till 1.20 p.m., returning from Epsom after the races, from 4.0 p.m. till 6.0 p.m. Between the hours of 11.20 a.m. and 1.20 p.m. the Ordinary Trains from Waterloo to the Epsom Line will be suspended, and between the hours of 3.15 and 6.0 p.m. the Ordinary Trains from the Epsom Line will be suspended.

SPECIAL FARES from Waterloo, Vauxhall, Hammersmith, Kensington, West Brompton, Chelsea, Battersea, Clapham Junction, and stations on the Ludgate Hill Line during the times the Ordinary Trains are suspended.

To Epsom and back	7s. 6d.
To or from Epsom	4s. 0d.

A Special Direct Train will leave Waterloo (stopping at Vauxhall) for Epsom at 1.20 p.m. punctually on each of the race days.

Trains leave Ludgate Hill for Wimbledon at 8.48, 9.41, 11.16, and 11.39 a.m.; and for Clapham Junction at 8.0, 8.44, 9.22, 10.16 and 11.37 a.m. Passengers by these Trains must change at Wimbledon and Clapham Junction respectively, into Ordinary or Special Trains to Epsom.

Trains leave Kensington for Clapham Junction (calling at Chelsea five minutes later) at 8.29, 8.48, 9.12, 9.33, 10.15, 10.35, 11.17, 11.48 a.m., and 12.15 p.m., in connection with Ordinary and Special Trains to Epsom.

Tickets may be procured on or after Saturday, 27th April, at the West End Office, 30, Regent Street, Piccadilly Circus; Golden Cross, Charing Cross; Exeter Buildings, Arthur Street, West, E.C.; Lion Receiving Office, 108, New Bond Street; and at the Waterloo Bridge, Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, and Kensington (Addison Road) Stations.

Trains leave Charing Cross and Cannon Street for Waterloo Junction about every 5 minutes.

EPSOM RACES, April 30th and May 1st.

The only route to the Epsom Downs Station on the Race Course, the quickest and best route to the Races, is by the BRIGHTON RAILWAY from London Bridge, Victoria, Kensington, Clapham Junction, Liverpool Street, Whitechapel, &c.

FREQUENT CHEAP AND EXPRESS TRAINS.

The Last Express Train will leave Victoria and London Bridge 1.20 p.m., and Kensington 12.46 p.m.

A Through Special will leave Whitechapel at 12.0 noon on each day for Epsom Downs. Passengers will also be booked from Liverpool Street, by the 11.50 a.m. Ordinary Train, to join this Special Train.

J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

London Bridge Terminus.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

New Service of Trains between St. Pancras, Kentish Town, and Earl's Court (via Acton and Hammersmith), affording direct communication between the Mansion House, Westminster, Kensington, and the Midland Counties, North of England, and Scotland.

On and after WEDNESDAY, May 1st, the Midland Railway Company will run a New Service of Trains, affording direct communication to and from the undermentioned Stations and the Main Line System of the Midland Railway:

Acton, Turnham Green, Gunnersbury, Kew Gardens, Richmond, Shaftesbury Road, Hammersmith, West Kensington, Earl's Court, Brompton (Gloucester Road), South Kensington, Sloane Square, Victoria (District Railway), St. James's Park, Westminster, Charing Cross, Temple, Blackfriars, Mansion House.

Passengers will be booked through between all the above-mentioned Stations and the principal Stations on the Main Line, as well as locally between the Stations enumerated and St. Pancras, Kentish Town, and other Midland Suburban Stations.

For particulars of Train Service see the Company's Time Tables for May, Derby, April 1878.

JAMES ALLPORT, General Manager.

ALEXANDRA PARK.—GREAT HORSE SHOW, MAY 24th to 26th.

PRIZES NEARLY £1000.

Last Day for Entries, Saturday, May 11th.

Apply at once for Prize List to the Manager of the Show, Mr. John Douglas, as above.

The Alexandra Park is the perfection of a locale for a Horse Show.

BOMBAY.—ANCHOR LINE.—Direct

route to India. Fortnightly sailings.—First-class steamers, fitted up expressly for the trade. Qualified surgeons and stewards carried.

From Glasgow. From Liverpool.

OLYMPIA Saturday, May 4 Saturday, May 11.

INDIA Saturday, June 1 Saturday, June 8.

First-class, 50 guineas. Sail punctually as advertised. Apply for berths or handbooks to Henderson Brothers, Union-street, Glasgow, and 17, Water-street, Liverpool; J. W. Jones, Chapel-walk, Manchester; Grindlay and Co., 55, Parliament-street, S.W.; and Henderson Brothers, 19, Leadenhall-street, E.C.

THE NEW ZEALAND SHIPPING COM-

PANY (Limited).—Head Office, Christchurch, New Zealand.—Passengers for the Colony are invited to inspect the fine clipper ships of this line, lying in the South West India Dock, London, and despatched every month, fitted with every convenience for the comfort and safety of passengers.

For full particulars apply at the Company's Offices, 84, Bishopsgate-street Within, E.C.

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MESSRS. JAY have received from Paris a choice assortment of Made-up Costumes in Silk, and all the other recognised Fabrics for the Season.

MILLINERY.

VARIOUS SPECIMENS of MILLINERY, consigned to Messrs. JAY, have arrived from Paris.

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THE BEST AND PUREST MANUFACTURED.

To induce the public to avoid the heavily-weighted and shiny-weaving Black Silks, Messrs. JAY sell at a nominal profit Bonnet's light-dye (Noir Anglais) Gros Grain.

Present price 4s. 11d., usual price 8s. 3d.

" " 5s. 6d., " " 8s. 9d.

" " 5s. 11d., " " 9s. 9d.

" " 6s. 9d., " " 10s. 6d.

EVENING DRESSES.

TWO GUINEAS AND TWO AND A HALF GUINEAS EACH.

THE NEWEST and most FASHIONABLE STYLE, made of non-crushing silk net. Pencil Drawings of the same postage free on application.

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THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,
Regent-street, W.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall-mall.—The TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES, the Contributions of Artists of the Continental Schools, is NOW OPEN from Nine to Six.

DUDLEY GALLERY, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—GENERAL EXHIBITION of WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS.—THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is OPEN DAILY, from 10 till 6. Admission, 1s.; catalogue, 6d.; pictorial notes, 1s. ROBERT F. McNAIR, Secretary.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—

Lessee and Manager, Mr. J. B. Buckstone.—Miss NEILSON every Evening.—At 7.30, A FAIR ENCOUNTER. Miss L. Buckstone and Miss M. Harris. At 8.15, MEASURE FOR MEASURE. Messrs. Howe, F. H. Macklin, Everill, H. Kyrie, D. Fisher, jun., H. Crouch, W. Grisdale, Weathersby, Allbrook, H. Rivers, and H. B. Conway; Miss Neilson, Miss E. Challice, Miss Harrison, and Miss F. Morelli. AS YOU LIKE IT, on Saturday next, May 4th.

SATURDAY NIGHT, May 11th, Re-appearance

(after an absence of two and a half years) of
MR. SOTHEKN, as A CRUSHED TRAGEDIAN.
THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.

LYCEUM.—LOUIS XI.—MR. HENRY

IRVING. Every Evening, at 8.0; supported by Messrs. Mead, Tyars, Bentley, Clements, Lyons, Archer, Andrews, &c., and Mr. Fernandez; Miss Virginia Francis and Mrs. Chippendale. New scenery by Hawes Craven. Original music by Robert Stoepel. New dresses and appointments. At 7.30 TURNING THE TABLES. Messrs. R. Lyons, Pinero, &c. Lessee and Manager, Mrs. S. F. Bateman.

ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE. Sole Pro-

prietor, Benjamin Webster. Lessee and Manager, F. B. Chatterton. Every Evening at 8. PROOF: Mr. and Mrs. Bandmann, Messrs. A. Stirling, L. Lablache, C. Harcourt, J. Johnstone, and S. Emery. Mesdames B. Pateman, A. Stirling, Billington, Hudspeth, K. Harry, and L. Moodie. Preceded by, at 7.30, STAGE-TRUCK. Messrs. E. J. George, F. Hughes, F. Moreland, Waring. Mesdames Hudspeth, J. Coveney and Bentley.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—This Even-

ing at 7, THE TELEPHONE. At 7.30, FAMILY TIES. Messrs. Wigan, Cox, Marius, Grahame, and Penley; Mesdames M. Hayes, Venne. —At 9.30, DORA AND DIPLOMACY. Messrs. Marius, Cox, Penley; Mesdames Sanger, Venne, &c. TWO TO ONE. Mr. Carter, Miss Williams, &c.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—Lessee and

Manager, Mr. Walter Gooch.—Miss HEATH as Jane Shore.—24th Night. In consequence of the enormous success that has attended the revival of JANE SHORE, by G. W. Wills, author of Charles I., Olivia, &c., it will be repeated every Evening for a few weeks longer:—Miss Heath, Messrs. C. Warner, W. Rignold, Howard Russell, &c., Mrs. Alfred Mellon, Mrs. R. Power; Misses Illington, Barry, &c. Preceded at seven, by OUT TO NURSE. Mr. Harry Jackson and Miss Marian West. Great Snow Scene (winter by night).

NOTICE.—Due notice will be given of the production of Ross Niel's Play ELFINELLA.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—Lessee, Mr. S.

HAYES. Re-appearance of Miss Ada Cavendish. Every Evening, punctually at 8, the New Play by Tom Taylor and Paul Meritt, called SUCH IS THE LAW. Characters by Miss Ada Cavendish, Miss Compton, Miss K. Rivers, Miss Katie Brown, Mr. Titheradge, Mr. W. H. Stephens, Mr. L. Boyne, Mr. Caston, and Mr. Charles Kelly. Act 1: Under the Cedars—The Buried Secret. Act 2: Belfoy Manor—The Law of the Land. Act 3: Belfoy Manor—Wife or Mistress? New Scenery by Mr. H. Potts. Open at 7.30; carriages at 10.45. Box-office open from 10 to 5. No fees. Notice! The First Morning Performance of SUCH IS THE LAW on Saturday, May 4, at 2.30.

CRITERION THEATRE.—Lessee and

Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.

CONTINUED SUCCESS OF THE PINK DOMINOS.

Every Evening, at 7.30, the serio-comic drama, in two acts, by John Oxenford, Esq., entitled THE PORTER'S KNOT, Samson Burr, Mr. Henry Ashley. At 8.45, THE PINK DOMINOS. Messrs. Charles Wyndham, Standing, Ashley, A. Harris, Francis; Mesdames Fanny Josephs, Eastlake, Camille Clermont, M. Davis, E. Bruce.

Acting Manager, Mr. H. J. Hitchins.

FOLLY THEATRE.

Proprietor and Manager, Mr. ALEX. HENDERSON.

Every evening, at 8.15 precisely, LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE, comic opera in three acts. Supported by Mesdames Katherine Munroe, Violet Cameron, Beaumont; Messrs. Shiel Barry, E. Connell, W. J. Hill, &c. Preceded at 7.30 by CRAZED, in which Mr. W. J. Hill will sustain his original character.

Special Morning Performance of LES CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE, Saturday, next, 4th May. Seats can now be secured.

Musical Director, Mr. E. Solomon. Acting Manager, Mr. J. C. Scanlan.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—1058th

Night of OUR BOYS. Every Evening at 7.30, A WHIRLIGIG; at 8, the most successful comedy, OUR BOYS, written by H. J. Byron (1058th and following nights). Concluding with a FEARFUL FOG.

Supported by Messrs. Farren, Thorne, Garthorne, Bernard, Lestocq, Austin, and James; Mesdames, Bishop, Walters, Richards, Larkin, &c. Free list entirely suspended.

ROYAL COURT THEATRE.—

Lessee and Manager, Mr. HARE.

Every Evening, at 8, OLIVIA, a new play in Four Acts, written by W. G. Wills. The principal characters by Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Gaston Murray, Misses Kate Aubrey, Neville, Turtle, Cathcart, Nicholls; Mr. Hermann Vezin, Mr. W. Terriss, Mr. Frank Archer, Mr. R. Cathcart, Mr. Norman Forbes, Mr. Denison, Mr. Franks, &c. New scenery by Messrs. Gardon and Harford.—Box-office hours, 11 to 5. No Fees for Hooking. Doors open at 7.30. Carriages ten minutes to eleven.

Acting-Manager, Mr. Huy.

GLOBE THEATRE.—Under the Management

of Mr. RIGHTON. Mr. TOOLE in A FOOL AND HIS MONEY, and A NATIONAL QUESTION. Preceded, at 7, by MY WIFE'S OUT. Morning performance this Day. TOOLE in three pieces, OUR CLERKS, A NATIONAL QUESTION, ICI ON PARLE FRANCAIS. Acting Manager, Mr. E. Clifton.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.—TO-NIGHT (Sat-

urday), at 8.15 Mrs. Rousby will appear in a new play, adapted from the German of Mosenthal, entitled MADELAINE MOREL. Characters by Messrs. J. H. Barnes, J. G. Shore, Percy Bell, F. Huntley, Outram, Mowbray; Mesdames W. Sidney, Eleanor Hufton, Maud Milton, Huntley, C. Thomas, and Mrs. Rousby. Preceded at 7.30 by a sketch entitled ORSON, in which Miss Emilie Grattan and Master Grattan will appear. Box-office open daily, where places can be secured, and at the libraries.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.—THE GRAND

DUCHESS. Artists.—Mdlles. C. D'Anka, Rose Lee; Messrs. H. Nordblom, Lewens, Power, Kelleher, Hall, and J. D. Stoye. New scenery and dresses. Two entirely new Ballets arranged by M. Bertrand; music by M. G. Jacobi: principal dancers, Mdlles. Bertoldi, Gillert, Rose Phillips, Melville Richards; M. Josset, and the whole Corps de Ballet. Every Evening. Prices as usual.—Manager, Mr. Charles Morton.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, Hoxton.—Sole Pro-

prietress, Mrs. S. Lane.—Every Evening until further Notice, at 6.45, RACHEL'S PENANCE, the successful New Drama by E. Manuel, Esq. Messrs. Reynolds, Newbound, Howe, Rhoyds, Drayton, Reeves, Pitt; Mdlles. Summers, Bellair, Brewer, Rayner. Miss Ella Wesner, (Male Impersonator). Ballet by the Walton Family. To conclude with DAVID HUNT. Messrs. Bigwood, Lewis, Towers, Hyde; Mdlles. Summers, Ray, Mrs. Newham. In rehearsal BANDIT QUEEN, in which Mrs. S. Lane will appear.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE,

City-road.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. Geo. Conquest.

Every evening at 7, New Drama by Messrs. G. Conquest and H. Pettit, entitled NOTICE TO QUIT. Messrs. James, Sennett, Syms, Nicholls, G. Conquest, Vincent, &c. Mesdames Verner, Victor, &c. Followed by THE CORNICAN BROTHERS. Messrs. James, Sennett, Parker, &c. Conclude with LOVERS IN ALL CORNERS; G. Conquest, jun., Nicholls, Parker, Syms, &c. Mesdames Victor, Denvil, Matthews, &c.—Acting Manager, Mr. G. Conquest, jun.; General Manager, Mr. H. Spry.

ASTLEY'S. DOLLY VARDEN. Charles

Dickens' Barnaby Rudge. An Immense Success. Miss VIRGINIA BLACKWOOD as Dolly Varden and Miss Miggs. New Scenery. The Warren in Flames! nightly received with great enthusiasm. Largest Company in London. The Daily Press have pronounced this the Greatest of the Easter productions. Prices from 6d. to £5 5s. Open at 7.

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CONCERT AND SUPPER ROOMS,
COVENT GARDEN.

The CAFE part of these celebrated SUPPER ROOMS is Now Open for the reception of Ladies. The body of the Hall being still reserved exclusively for Gentlemen.

EVANS'S WORLD-RENOUNDED CHOIR OF BOYS, Every Evening, specially trained by, and under the direction of Mr. F. JONGHMANS.

OPEN AT EIGHT. FIRST CHORUS at 8.30.

SUPPERS AFTER THE THEATRES.

Proprietor J. B. AMOR.

POM!!

IMMENSE SUCCESS!!

ROYAL PARK THEATRE.

THE CANTERBURY.—Open Every Evening

at Eight o'clock, with Morning Performance every Saturday Afternoon at 2.30 o'clock. The Daily Telegraph says: "The most commodious and magnificent place of amusement in London."

THE CANTERBURY.—PLEVNA, with Mili-

lary Manoeuvres by several hundred boys, and Panorama of the Seat of War. Skipping-rope Ballet in the Snow, by Miss Rose Fox and her company of Belles blondes. Variety Entertainment, comprising Romah and Luien in their wonderful aerial flights; Blondin and Blanche on the tight rope, Dutch Daly, character vocalist; and a host of talent. Ballet in the Harem, supported by Mdlles. Ada, Phyllis Broughton, and Florence Powell. The Great Conference Trick, political sketch, introducing John Bull, Young England, Andrassy, Bismarck, Ignatieff, MacMahon, and Osman Pasha. Ballet d'action, supported by Mdlles. Knight and Youngman.

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MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE and EIGHT. THE MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS.

The source where all imitators have derived the salient features of the class of entertainment brought to such a high degree of perfection and popularity by Messrs. Moore and Burgess, whose company now comprises no less than

FORTY ARTISTS OF KNOWN EMINENCE, Selected from the Principal Members of the Opera Companies and Orchestras of the United Kingdom.

THE PRESENT YEAR IS THE THIRTEENTH

Of the
MOORE and BURGESS UNINTERRUPTED SEASON

At the

ST. JAMES'S HALL, LONDON,
AN EVENT WITHOUT A PARALLEL IN THE HISTORY OF
THE WORLD'S AMUSEMENTS.

Fauteuils, 5s.; Sofa Stalls, 3s.; Area, raised and cushioned seats, 2s.; Balcony, 1s. Doors open for all Day Performances at 2.30; for the Evening Performances at 7. NO FEES. No charge for Programmes. Ladies can retain their bonnets in all parts of the Hall. Places can be secured without extra charge at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, daily, from 9 a.m.

THE BACH CHOIR.—CONDUCTOR, MR.

OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT.

The Last CONCERT but One will be held at ST. JAMES'S HALL, on MONDAY Evening, April 29th, at Eight o'clock.

Madame Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdlle. Redeker, Mr. Shakespeare, Mr. Lammers, and Herr Henschel.

Works to be Performed—

Bach's Magnificat. (With additional accompaniments, by Robert Franz.)

Purcell's Anthem, "O God, Thou hast cast us out" (Six Parts.)

Faustina's Missa Papae Marcelli. (Selection.)

Schumann's New Year's Song. (Repeated by desire.)

Wilbye's Madrigal, "Draw on, Sweet Night."

Mendelssohn's Walpurgis-Nacht. (In German.)

Sofa Stalls and Front Row in Balcony, 10s. 6d.; Area and Balcony Reserved, 7s.; Unreserved Seats, 5s.; Admission, 3s.

Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co., 84, New Bond-street; Mitchells; Chappell and Co.; Lamborn Cock; R. Ollivier; Hayes (Cramer); Keith, Prowse, and Co.; A. Hays; and Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.—The Neville Dra-

matic School Students' performance, SATURDAY, May 4th, at 7, NINE POINTS OF THE LAW, and LOVE'S SACRIFICE. Mesdames Fanny Dickens, Marie Delmaigne, C. Saville, J. Tessier, and Eugenie Arnheim; Messrs. Tom Bindloss, Walter Bernhard, Bertie Beresford, Edward Sass, A. Myrie, A. Murray, and Howard Williams. Director, George Neville. Prices, stalls, 5s. and 3s.; admission, 2s. and 1s.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Week ending May 4th,

1878.

Monday, April 29th. Extravaganza ROLEY POLEY, by Mr. to George Conquest and the Grecian Company.

Friday, May 3rd. 4th.—Winter Concert.

Saturday, "4th.—Winter Concert.

The Phonograph or Talking Machine, the Telephone, Living Marionettes, Golding's Ventriloquism, Galatea Mystery, &c., daily.

Monday to Friday, Admission to Palace One Shilling daily. Saturday, Half-a-Crown, or by Season Ticket.

CRYSTAL PALACE GUINEA SEASON

TICKET, dated May 1st, 1878, available to April 30th, 1879, now on Sale at Palace and all agents. For arrangements of season and list of agents see Morning Papers of April 25th.

ROYAL AQUARIUM,

WESTMINSTER.

The Royal Aquarium, for variety, novelty, and excellence of entertainments, will this year surpass all other rival establishments.

Doors open at 11. Admission One Shilling.

11 till 1 o'clock and throughout the day, the Abyssinian Snake Charmer, the Royal Punch and Judy, Cosmographic Views, the Performing Fleas, Myra, the Living Mystery. The Aquarium (finest in the world), the New Seal Tank, War Sketches of the "Illustrated News."

3.0. First Special Variety Entertainment in Great Hall.

5.30. Zazel the marvellous.

8.0. Second Great Variety Entertainment in the Hall.

10.30. Zazel's second performance.

Benedetti (the sword-swallower), Vol Becquis' Pupils, Professor Young, Kellino Troupe, North Star Bicyclists, Austin Brothers, and the Japanese

Miracle Workers, Huline Brothers, Dare Brothers. The most extraordinary combination of talent ever appearing before the public in one day.

AFTERNOON THEATRE, ROYAL AQUARIUM.—NOTICE, SPECIAL.—THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD, being an adaptation of Goldsmith's famous novel, every afternoon at 3, revised and arranged by A. Wood. The following favourite artists will appear:—W. Farren as Mr. Primrose (in which he will introduce the celebrated ballad, "A Fine Old English Gentleman"), S. Emery as Ephraim Jenkinson, H. B. Conway as Squire Thornhill, E. F. Edgar as Burchell, F. Day as Moses, Mrs. Stirling as Mrs. Primrose, Miss Litton as Olivia, Miss Challis as Hon. Miss Skeggs, Miss Miller, &c.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GAR-

DENS, Regent's-park, are Open Daily (except Sunday). Admission, 1s; on Monday, 6d.; children always 6d. The new Lion House is now open.

THE WANDERERS' CLUB, PALL MALL.

This Club having this year reached the number of 1,415 members, there remain only 200 vacancies.

Annual Subscriptions—Town Members, Eight Guineas; Country Members, Four Guine

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* OUR notice of *Such is the Law*, at the St. James's Theatre, with several other articles, is held over until next week.

NEXT WEEK'S ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS will contain, amongst other high-class illustrations, the following subjects:—A Portrait of Miss Virginia Blackwood—Sketches from the Polo Hunt Fancy Dress Ball at Richmond (two pages), by Dower Wilson—Humours of the Past Month, by Matt. Stretch—Sketches by Our Captious Critic—Portrait of Mr. Edmund Leathes—Scene from a New Parisian Play—Famous London Pleasure Gardens, by A. H. Wall—Studies of Dogs' Heads—The Surprise—"Cross Purposes," by J. Sturgess, &c., &c.

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MR. STREETER, 18, NEW BOND STREET, W.

THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1878.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

THERE is an Order of Spiritual Teachers, the members of which hold weekly meetings at 15, Southampton-row. "On account of the other occupations of the chief monitor during these last seven weeks," we learn from the organ of the order, "this School has been somewhat neglected, and the progress has thereby been interrupted—perhaps the most regular attendee is Mr. King, accountant to the School. At the meeting before last he was the only one present, but he sends in an enthusiastic account of the proceedings." What a rollicking time of it Mr. King must have had to be sure!

LEST the following bit of information should be mistaken for so much coursing news, we beg to explain that it is culled from a Special Correspondent's Paris Letter, and refers to the fashions. "Sunny days, chequered by April downpours have begun to clothe bare branches with green, to chase furs from the field, and bring out a veritable fungus-growth of parasols."

Is the Rev. Dr. Parker, editorial source of *The Fountain*, acquainted with "Mr. Skae's Item?" It is contained in the English collection of Mark Twain's sketches which includes the celebrated Jumping Frog. Concerning that "Item"—one "which the editor himself could not understand"—the narrator declares, "I have read it over five times, and if I can get at the meaning of it, I wish I may get my just deserts." We feel very much in that condition of mind with regard to an "Item" in Dr. Parker's *Fountain*. It appears under the heading, "General Outlook," and is sandwiched between a paragraph about Father Hyacinthe and another concerning the revisers of the authorised version of the New Testament, yet, notwithstanding the excellent company it keeps, it remains, so far as we are concerned, an aggravatingly, unpenetrable conundrum. Can any of our readers supply the solution?

Mr. Joseph Bonomi, who has just died, was famous for his sketches of Egyptian scenery, of which the British Museum possesses an immense number. He was so much admired by Sir Joshua Reynolds that the latter withdrew from his office as president of the Royal Academy because Mr. Bonomi was not elected a fellow.

ON the morning subsequent to the assault alleged to have been committed by Mr. Bandmann on Mrs. Rousby, she received from him a note to the following effect:—"Madam: After the occurrence of this morning, it will be quite impossible for me to attend any rehearsals at the Queen's Theatre. I beg you to understand that I object to any alteration in *Madelaine Morel* without my consent; but should you desire to make any alterations, I shall be willing to meet your wishes, provided they are made by some competent person (*sic*), and are submitted for my approval." In the course of her cross-examination by Mr. Clarke, Mrs. Rousby is reported to have said, "There had been discussions as to the manner in which the piece was to be produced. She made some verbal alterations—she put into good grammar what was in bad. Mr. Bandmann objected to it, and she said, 'I know my own language better than you.'" Now, without in the minutest degree transgressing the very proper rule which forbids the discussion in a journal of a case that is *sub judice*, we may venture to suggest that, in the matter of her own language, Mrs. Rousby probably did know more than Herr Bandmann.

THE ways of the Americans are inscrutable. Especially their convivial ways. More particularly when those convivial ways are flavoured with a dash of what Lord Byron would have termed "true religion." In the paragraphic news of the *Boston Times* we find this: "The ninth anniversary of the Charlestown Young Men's Christian Association will be observed next Wednesday evening, in the Monument-square M. E. Church. Appropriate exercises, with a supper and a sociable, in which the members with lady friends will participate, constitutes the programme." What, in this connection is "a sociable?" In Britain a sociable is a carriage wherein appropriate exercise of an open-air character may be taken when the weather is warm and spring-like—say about the middle of July—but how do you participate in a sociable in the United States?

UNDER the heading of "Notes on Art, Literature, and Social Progress," the *Hampstead and Highgate Express* states that "The song of the nightingale may now be heard in Caen Wood," and "Recently at the Brighton Aquarium one of the conger-eels was found to weigh 80lbs.

ATHLETICS, AQUATICS, &c.

AN innumerable large amount of fixtures have been brought off in different portions of the United Kingdom; this week but, no doubt in a great measure owing to the various hon. secs, not having recovered from the festivities of the season, I am in receipt of scarcely a single return. As a preliminary to the Newmarket Spring Meeting, an athletic *réunion*, promoted by the local Football Club, took place on Monday last. I may be in error, and trust it is so; yet I fancy amongst the competitors I recognise more than one professional, and in the event of my surmise being correct, what will the C.U.A.C. say to one of their number taking part in the proceedings? Sir J. D. Astley was referee, and presented one of the prizes, viz., a cup for a Quarter of a Mile race, this falling to C. F. Poole of Cambridge, who won in a canter by twenty yards. B. T. Chennel, 5 yards' start, won the 100 Yards Handicap; F. Freeman, of Cambridge, the Bicycle Race; W. Enoch the "Whip" for lads under 13 years; G. Goddings, 4 yards start, the Hurdle Handicap; W. Bartholomew the Open Mile, for the trainers' prize; C. E. Hammond the High Jump; W. Bailey, of Cambridge, the 120 Yards County Members' Prize; C. E. Hammond the Wide Jump and 120 Yards' Tradesmen's Plate. The Ladies' Cup (a one mile handicap) was taken by E. Jillings, 70 yards start; and G. Godding, 2 yards, won the Quarter of a Mile Handicap, proceedings winding up with a Tug of War competition, and the conventional Consolation Race. At the Charterhouse sports, held on the same day at Godalming, Growse took the Wide Jump at 10ft 11in, the Mile in 4min 51sec, the 200 Yards in 22½sec, the 100 Yards in 11½sec, the Quarter in 57½sec, and the Steeplechase (about 660 yards) in 2min 41sec—a rare all-round performance. Prinsep was second best, as he secured the Cricket-ball Throwing at 112yds 7½in, the Hurdles in 18sec, and filled second place thrice. Although the weather was of a most disagreeable character on Saturday, the members of the West London Harriers decided their Members' Handicap (distance, about 5½ miles), from their head-quarters, the Chippenham Hotel, St. Peter's Park. The course chosen was from the Chippenham, down the Malvern and Canterbury Roads to Banister's Farm; then away to the brickfields and on to Harlesden Green and Roundwood Park; then past the Royal Oak, and down the main road through Kensal Green, and home via the Elgin and Chippenham roads. Out of an entry of fourteen, eleven placed themselves under the starter's orders, and a most exciting race ensued. Appended are details, together with the net times of the first half-dozen runners:—W. L. Williams, 2min 45sec start (time, 34min 15sec), first; T. W. Mogford, 3min (time, 34min 57sec), second; C. Traves, 2min 15sec (time, 35min 24sec), third; C. F. Turner, scratch (time, 32min 50sec), 4; J. H. Fletcher, 4min 30sec (time, 38min 38sec), 5; S. H. Talby, 1min (time, 35min 4sec), 6; H. Davey, 4min 30sec, 7; G. Stockham, 3min 45sec, 8; J. Norman, 4min, 9; J. H. Nicholls, 5min 30sec, 10; H. J. Hardy, 2min 30sec, 11. Fletcher retained his lead up to Willesden-lane, where he gave way to Mogford, who showed the way until within 300 yards of the finish, when Williams came up, and ultimately won, with a bit in hand, by about fifty yards. Twenty yards separated Mogford, Traves, and Turner; the scratch-man was about twice that distance in the rear of the third man. The officials were as follow:—Starter and handicapper, J. E. Morris, West London Harriers; judge, G. D. Mogford, Spartan Harriers; timekeeper, T. Griffith, South London Harriers. Meetings were also held at Woodbridge, Witney, Liverpool, Brighton, Tunbridge Wells, &c., but I have neither space nor inclination (as no return has been forwarded me) to go fully into details of what took place.

In aquatic sports the various metropolitan clubs have been very busy, as usual. On Saturday the Warwick R.C., Surrey United R.C., and Southwark Alliance R.C. all commenced their seasons, and a remarkable incident is that they all chose four-oared races. On Monday the United Clubs held their scratch fours, when no fewer than sixteen crews competed, and the same afternoon J. Finnis, who won Doggett's in 1853, rowed T. Pearce from Putney Aqueduct to Barnes Railway Bridge, and the latter won by five lengths.

On Monday George Graham, of London, and J. Armour, of Loanhead, near Edinburgh, played a match at quoits for the 21 yards championship and 100 sovereigns, and after an exciting game, victory declared for Graham by 10 points. As the match was a most important one, I append the score, which I consider

worthy of especial notice by me, although this species of sport I, as a rule, omit from my article:—

Heads.		Heads.		Heads.		Heads.	
G.	A.	G.	A.	G.	A.	G.	A.
1—0	2	22—0	2	43—1	0	64—0	1
2—2	0	23—2	0	44—1	0	65—0	1
3—2	0	24—0	1	45—0	1	66—0	2
4—2	0	25—1	0	46—0	1	67—0	1
5—0	1	26—0	2	47—1	0	68—0	1
6—1	0	27—0	1	48—1	0	69—0	1
7—2	0	28—2	0	49—0	1	70—0	1
8—2	0	29—0	1	50—2	0	71—1	0
9—0	1	30—0	1	51—2	0	72—1	0
10—0	1	31—1	0	52—0	1	73—1	0
11—1	0	32—0	1	53—1	0	74—1	0
12—1	0	33—0	2	54—1	0	75—0	1
13—0	1	34—0	1	55—1	0	76—0	1
14—1	0	35—0	1	56—0	1	77—0	1
15—0	1	36—1	0	57—0	2	78—0	1
16—0	1	37—1	0	58—0	1	79—0	1
17—0	1	38—2	0	59—2	0	80—0	2
18—2	0	39—2	0	60—1	0	81—0	1
19—2	0	40—2	0	61—2	0	82—1	0
20—0	2	41—1	0	62—2	0	83—2	0
21—0	1	42—0	2	63—2	0	84—1	0

The conditions of the match were that they should play 61 points up, 21 yards distance, with quoits not to exceed 8 5/8-in. in diameter. McGregor, of South Shields, directed the winner, and J. Kerr officiated in a like capacity for Armour.

On Tuesday afternoon the annual contest for the Public Schools Challenge Racquet Cup was commenced at the Donor's Court, Prince's Ground, Sloane-square, Chelsea. The present holders are Eton, and they have been this year challenged by Harrow, Rugby, Wellington, Marlborough, Winchester, Haileybury, Cheltenham, and Charterhouse. The cup has to be won thrice in succession ere it becomes the property of any school, and the possession of it, if only for one year, is looked upon as a coveted honour. As I write the contest has only reached as far as the conclusion of the second ties, and therefore I can give a tip, and stand the holders, although they may find some trouble in winning, as both Harrow and Rugby, whom they have to meet, are good pairs. As I shall review the individual play next week in detail, it will only be necessary on the preset occasion for me to give the list of players as drawn, with the results of the play up to Wednesday evening. Eton are represented by C. A. Ponsonby and J. D. Cobbold; Harrow by H. F. De Paravacini and U. C. Kempe; Winchester by F. A. Jones and G. G. Gutters; Rugby by F. L. Evelyn and C. F. Leslie; Charterhouse by J. F. Princep and C. C. Druce; Marlborough by D. Womersley and Cecil H. Hunt; Cheltenham by H. C. Wilson and W. C. Tonge; Wellington by A. Cooper-Key and H. F. Beale; and Haileybury by R. Steward and H. F. Steward. In the first ties Marlborough had first to meet Charterhouse, and the latter, who are as yet but novices at the game, could do nothing with their opponents; indeed, they only made four aces altogether. Next came Winchester and Wellington, this proving a most exciting contest, the latter, although they secured the first three games, losing the next four and the rubber; but they laboured under a great disadvantage, as Cooper-Key, the first string, was very lame through an injury to his knee. Rugby then had to meet Cheltenham, and the latter were quite out-classed, a remark equally applicable to the succeeding tie between Haileybury and Harrow, the latter proving the victors. Eton had a bye. In the second round Eton had to open proceedings against Marlborough, and they won easily, after which Rugby disposed of Winchester, but the latter gave them some trouble. The following list, giving the points scored by each team, may be interesting to my readers:—

FIRST TIES.

MARLBOROUGH BEAT CHARTERHOUSE.			
Marlborough	15	15	15—60
Charterhouse	1	2	1—4
WINCHESTER BEAT WELLINGTON.			
Wellington	15	13—5	13—5 14—1 12 7 6—91
Winchester	9	13—0	13—3 14—3 15 15 15—100
RUGBY BEAT CHELTENHAM.			
Rugby	15	15	15—60
Cheltenham	6	4	3 13—26
HARROW BEAT HAILEYBURY.			
Harrow	13—5	15	15—63
Haileybury	13—1	8	5 7—34

Eton a bye.

SECOND TIES.

ETON BEAT MARLBOROUGH.			
Eton	15	15	15—60
Marlborough	0	4	3 7—20
RUGBY BEAT WINCHESTER.			
Rugby	14—3	15	15 14—3—64
Winchester	14—2	4	11 14—1—46

Harrow a bye.

On Saturday next the Surrey Bicycle Club hold their first meeting of the season at Kennington Oval. I hope the weather will be fine, as amongst the company—the compliment of a ticket having been paid me—will be

EXON.

MR. JOHN M. TAYLOR, special correspondent of *Forest and Stream*, New York, is now in town en route to the Cambridge-shire Field Trials. He honoured us with a call on Thursday. It was Mr. Taylor who introduced Field Trials into the United States.

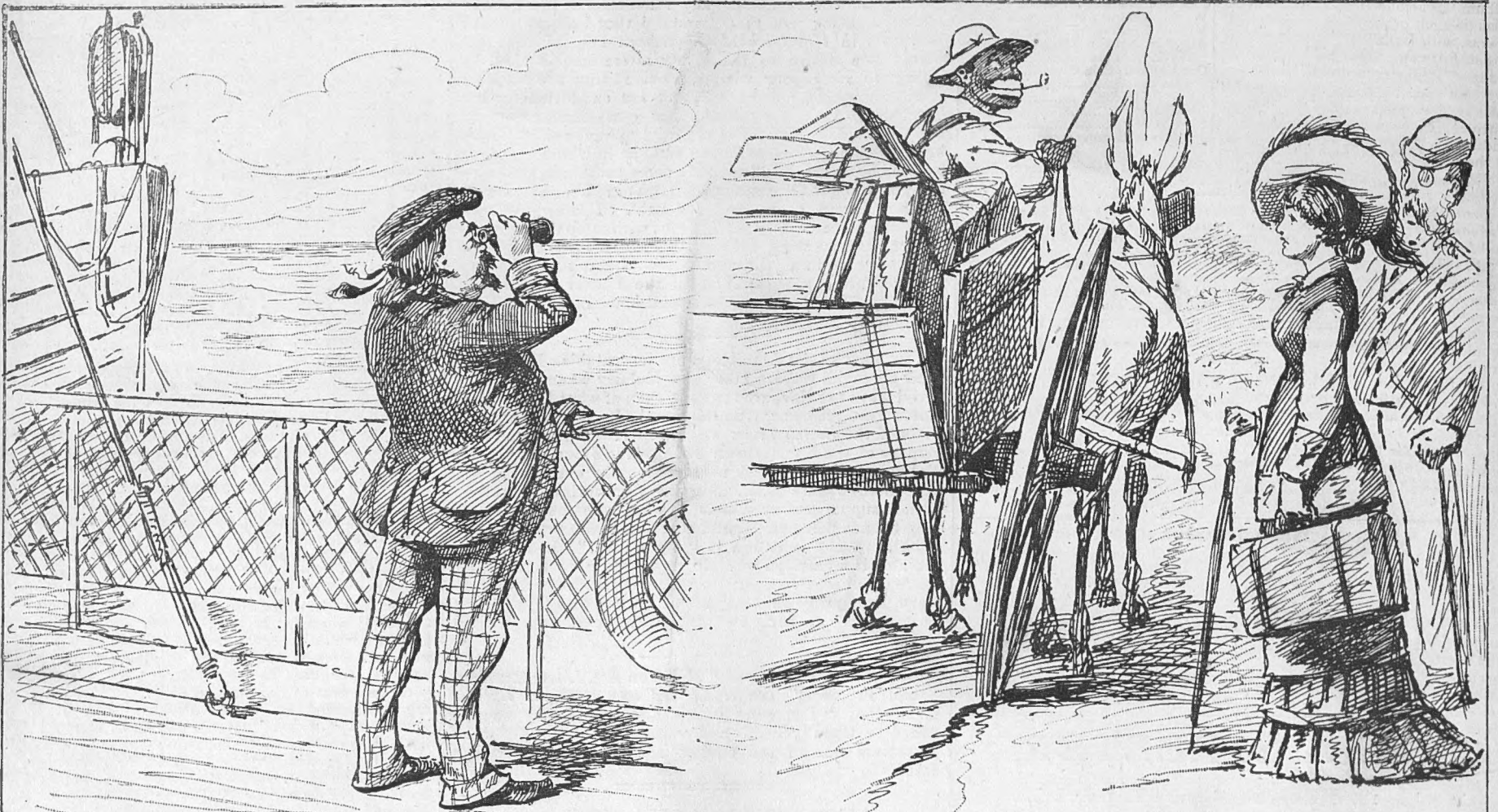
It is said that Lord Headley will patronise the leash very extensively during the coming season. He has established the nucleus of a formidable kennel near Killarney.

THE *Land Agents' Record*, a high-class weekly journal, makes its appearance to-day (Saturday).

MR. FRADELLE, 246, Regent-street, is publishing a series of mezzo-tint portraits of municipal dignitaries.

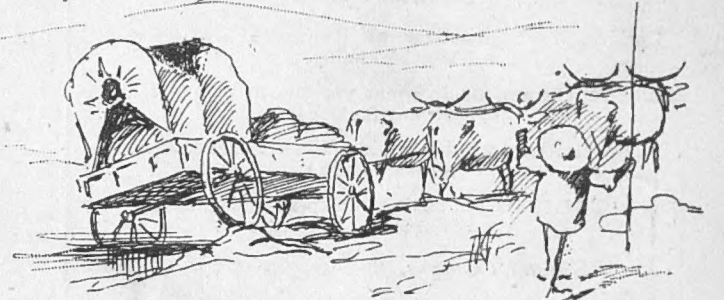
INTENDING visitors to the Paris Exhibition should make themselves acquainted in due time with the special arrangements for the conveyance of passengers which have been made by the South Eastern Railway Company. Note particularly the short sea routes, effecting a large saving in the time occupied, the sea passage being performed in one hour and a half. The South Eastern Railway Company more particularly direct attention to the special accommodation by the express daily tidal services via Folkestone and Boulogne, the quickest and best route, being a saving of twenty-eight miles, and accomplishing the journey between London and Paris, with ease and comfort, in 9½ hours. The arrangements of the South Eastern have been made in connection with the Northern of France Railway Company.

THE "Nona Fonia," by Beethoven, has been performed for the first time in Italy at Milan by the orchestra of La Scala and two choral societies, under the direction of Maestro Faccio. The performance is spoken of in the highest terms, and the success of the composer's great work was most decided.



Bass (at 50) Solo Sotto voce "Tis the drr—cam
of me life! At last I gaze on Foreign Shores!"

"What! five of us to travel seventy miles in that
beastly thing!!"



"Some think they would prefer to
go by waggon."

Something curious
height 2ft. 0.
A great success!



DISTINGUISHED ARTIST.
Who proposes to travel on Horseback.—
W. Doyle Glanville. M.R.C.S

LA FAVORITA.
A very old favorite.

Enterprising Manager
blarneying a local. For the use of the 3
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from his own lips, while she was behind the screen in Stella's dressing-room. The Count is abashed at the picture of his dishonourable proceedings, sees his mad folly and wickedness in their true light, and declares he will not leave, but remain with his beloved wife. He must, however, write to the captain of the vessel to say that he would not start. Olga leaves the room to procure writing materials. The Count, while she is absent, goes out to the Opera-house, which is not far off, to leave a message for Stella of his altered intention. Olga, on her return, finds her husband gone, and thinking he has again deceived her, she immediately places the signal in the window. A scuffle is heard outside, and the sound of carriage wheels indicate that the Count is being conveyed to the mad-asylum. In the next act the Count is in the asylum and driven almost to madness by the confinement, after having been drenched by a powerful douch, an ingenious contrivance attached to the door, and invented by the governor for the quieting of refractory patients. Here the Count is visited by Kraft, a theatrical agent and manager, who has already played a conspicuous and amusing part in the story. Through the old device of a change of outward garments, the Count escapes from the asylum, while Kraft takes the Count's place in the bed. The Count returns home with all speed, as his jealousy has been aroused by Kraft having informed him that he saw a well-dressed gentleman climb the wall of the Count's garden, and enter through a window into one of the salons, where he was soon joined by the Countess. Bendoz, on his return, is received by his wife with cold indifference, which increases his jealous suspicions. He taxes her with having had a lover with her, which she denies with an indignant calmness that still further incenses the Count, who, rushing to the window-recess, drags forth his wife's young brother, Frederick, who, having lost his latch-key, was the climber of the garden-wall seen by Kraft. To the abashed and crestfallen Count, Olga triumphantly says, "That is your rival," pointing to her brother, and "This is mine," holding to his gaze the bracelet with the monogram of Stella. A few words more of explanation, and the curtain drops on the restored happiness of husband and wife. The interpretation of the play was uniformly even throughout, and had evidently been well rehearsed. A more artistic and refined specimen of true comedy acting has not often been recently seen than that of Miss Sophia Young as the Countess Olga; graceful and natural throughout, it was distinguished occasionally by exquisite tenderness and suppressed emotion, while, when required, in one or two instances Miss Young displayed quiet tone and power. Mr. Neville, by his earnestness and gentlemanly repose in trying situations, elevated the somewhat difficult part of the Count Stephan Bendoz. Miss Gerard was charming as the danseuse, Stella; and Mr. Flockton as Kraft, the vivacious theatrical agent, and Mr. Elwood as Baron Kaulben, the prefect of police, were both admirable. Mr. W. Young acted very well as the youthful Frederick, the inebriation scene being represented with great naturalness and without exaggeration.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

This theatre reopened on Saturday night under the management of Mrs. Rousby, who appeared in the title-rôle, Madeline Morel, of an adaptation from the German play by Mosenthal, the author of *Deborah* (*Leah*). Although gloomy and tragic, unrelieved by a gleam of lighter weft, the new play possesses considerable dramatic fibre and two or three strong situations. The sentiment and foundation of the motive of action are, however, more germane to the tastes and sympathies of French than of English audiences. The story closely resembles that of *La Traviata*, the heroine, Madeline, being the Violetta (but without her contrasted vivacity and touching pathos) of the lyrical version of the younger Dumas' *La Dame aux Camélias*; and the hero, the Marquis de Saint-Gervais, is the counterpart of the younger Germont. The first act takes place in the apartments in Paris of Vicomte de Clerc, who, betrothed to Irene (the sister of his cousin, the young Marquis de St.-Gervais), is about taking farewell of a bachelor life by a dinner to some of his "fast friends," male and female—the latter comprising Merope, a popular opera-bouffe actress; Phoebe, a fascinating danseuse; and Pervinche, a "soiled dove," the mistress of Lord Dudley Durlay, one of the male guests. Just previous to the dinner, the Marquis de St.-Gervais inopportunely calls upon his cousin, De Clerc, to whom he explains the object of his sudden visit to Paris, which is to trace out and make reparation to the steward of the estate in Normandy, who had been summarily dismissed years ago by his father, the late Marquis, through a false charge of fraud, and sent forth into the world penniless, with his wife and little daughter. After his father's death the innocence of Morel, the wrongfully-accused steward, is clearly proved, and the Marquis and his mother resolved to discover the erroneously wronged family and make them reparation. From their inquiries they ascertain that Morel, having suffered much privation, died in a hospital at Paris, and his wife did not long survive him, while their daughter, Madeline, was left wholly at the mercy of the world. To find this daughter is the mission to Paris of the Marquis, who enlists his cousin, De Clerc, to aid him. The lady-guests now arrive, and are introduced to St.-Gervais as *grandes dames*. St.-Gervais is at once struck with the beauty of Pervinche, and falls in love with her. In a subsequent interview with her he learns from her her true history, and she turns out to be the Madeline Morel he is in search of. He avows his love for her, and declares his intention to repair the wrongs she has suffered by making her his wife. He takes her to the château, where she is lovingly received by the Marquis and her daughter Irene, both of whom are made acquainted with her sad antecedents by the Marquis, who also overcomes his mother's scruples as to his matrimonial intentions. The Vicomte de Clerc, who now arrives at the château for his marriage with Irene, however, strongly objects to this *mésalliance* of his cousin and future brother-in-law, but his protests have no effect on either the Marquis or her son; so he resorts to Madeline herself, and points out to her that besides bringing disgrace on the family her marriage with the Marquis would ruin him, as under a clause of the entail the estates if he formed a *mésalliance* would pass away from him. Madeline, now seeing the position in its true light, determines to sacrifice herself and her cherished hopes to save the man who had so nobly rescued her. She leaves the château and returns to Paris—not to her gay haunts and former companions, but to the humble home of honest Madame Pierre (who had known her parents when she was a child), where she devotes herself to earn a pittance by making wax-flowers, &c. Here nursing little Fanchette, the sick child of Madame Pierre, Madeline catches the infection, and is prostrated with fatal illness. The Marquis and her son, having again traced the fugitive, arrive, but only in time for Madeline to die in the arms of the Marquis. The play is mounted with evident care and liberality, the set scene of the conservatory in the fourth act being especially pretty and effective in its realism; and the exponents of the different leading characters exerted themselves to their utmost. As Madeline, Mrs. Rousby (whose arm was swathed and supported in a sling) appeared on the first night to labour under a nervousness, the cause for which can readily be inferred, which militated somewhat against her impersonation; but in the great scene in the fourth act with De Clerc, Mrs. Rousby forgot her disabled arm, and

delivered her indignant retorts to the tauntings of the Vicomte in an outburst of declamatory power that elicited enthusiastic applause from all parts of the house, and a vociferous recall at the end of the act. She was well supported by Mr. J. H. Barnes, as the Marquis de Saint-Gervais; Mr. Shore, as Vicomte de Clerc; and Mrs. W. Sidney, as the dignified and gentle-hearted Marquise de Saint-Gervais. Mr. Huntley gave an excellent representation of the faithful old family servant, Colleneau; the frolicsome opera-bouffe actress, Merope, found a vivacious exponent in Miss Eleanor Bufton; Mrs. Huntley lent useful aid as the good dame Madame Pierre; and Miss Maude Milton was graceful, refined, and unsty in the small part of Irene. The play was preceded by Mr. H. P. Grattan's domestic sketch, entitled *Orson*, in which the Grattan children made their first appearance at this theatre as the two young Le Grands, Henri and Emilie, which they so cleverly impersonated some time ago at the Adelphi. Mr. F. Huntley was the old soldier, their grandfather; and Miss Maud Milton, Madame Le Grand.

ASTLEY'S.

This theatre, ordinarily devoted to equestrian entertainments, was opened for an Easter and summer dramatic season, under the management of Miss Virginia Blackwood, on Saturday evening, with a revival of Mr. G. Murray Wood's dramatic version of "Barnaby Rudge," which was first produced under the title of *Dolly Varden* some five or six years ago at the Surrey Theatre, then under the management of Miss Blackwood. Revived with all its scenic effects, and with a few exceptions the original cast, *Dolly Varden* was again received with acclamation by a full audience, and is likely to repeat its former success at the Surrey. Miss Virginia Blackwood resumed her celebrated dual impersonation of Dolly Varden and the shrewish servant Miggs, and again displayed her genius and versatility by the individuality with which she invested two so totally different characters. Both assumptions, by the careful study of a true artist and practice, have been matured and rendered so perfect as to thoroughly realise Dickens's unique creations. The principal changes from the original cast are, that Miss Emilie Blackwood succeeds Miss Rachel Melton as Barnaby Rudge, and enacts the part of the poor idiot boy with great spirit and quiet pathos; and Miss Fanny Wright, an old favourite at the Haymarket Theatre, renders important service as the subjugating Mrs. Varden; Mr. H. S. Granville cleverly represents the antiquated beau, Mr. Chester; and Mr. Bathurst agreeably plays the part of his son Edward, the lover of Emma Haredale; Mr. Lingham realised in due melodramatic style the mysterious stranger; and Mr. H. Cornwell was continually applauded for his humorous and well-sustained impersonation of the locksmith's apprentice, Simon Tappertit. The sensational scene of the burning of "The Warrens" by the Gordon rioters was admirably managed, and presented an excellent and truly realistic stage conflagration.

"PROOF" AT THE ADELPHI.

In respect of its plot and general construction, *Une Cause Célèbre* of MM. D'Ennery and Cormon is a most excellent melodrama. When the details of the play are taken into consideration, however, it must be admitted that a fault common to French dramas of the kind is present to disparage its merits—namely, the fault of undue lengthiness in parts. French audiences possess a patience unknown to us in our playgoings, and will cheerfully sit out an interesting drama even if it be prolonged till midnight. We venture to think, notwithstanding, that many a really good drama loses half its excellence through being too wordy. And Mr. F. C. Burnand, who has translated *Une Cause Célèbre* for the Adelphi under the title of *Proof*, would have been wiser had he brought the main points of the plot more closely together. He has adhered almost literally to the original book, a conscientiousness we could approve were the literary merits of the production conspicuously high. MM. D'Ennery and Cormon's melodrama, however, depends upon plot and plot alone for its strength, the dialogue being for the most part quite commonplace. It is bare justice to say that the said plot is dramatic enough for anything; and, albeit we should have desired to see it developed within four acts instead of six, we have no hesitation in recommending *Proof* to the attention of playgoers as a melodrama of powerful interest. It is impossible from the outset not to feel an intense interest in the fate of Pierre Lorange, the brave soldier, who yields to a fatal desire to visit his wife and child before he goes into battle. He leaves in Madeleine's charge certain jewellery and documents which have been entrusted to his care by a wounded nobleman, and departs to join his troop, little dreaming of the tragedy that hovers above his homestead. He has been tracked thither by the villain Lazare, who enters the cottage when Pierre has gone, appropriates the jewels and documents, and murders the good wife, after first compelling her to say, in answer to her child Adrienne, who asks from an inner room who is with her, that the man is her husband. Thus Pierre finds himself accused of wife-murder, and on the evidence of his own child is condemned to the galleys. Years pass and the father and daughter meet, she as the adopted child of a patrician family, he as one of a gang of convicts. There is a mutual recognition between them, and Adrienne sets herself to discover the nobleman who in the first instance entrusted his jewels and documents (afterwards stolen) to the keeping of Pierre, in the belief that he will be able to clear matters up. When found, however, the nobleman, instead of testifying to Pierre's innocence, does quite the reverse. It comes out later on, however, that this is not the genuine nobleman, but the villain Lazare, who by aid of the stolen documents has established a claim to his title and estates. In spite of the digressive treatment of the narrative, it proves interesting enough to engage the attention of the spectator from first to last. And when the necessary "cuts" have been rigorously made, *Proof* will remain an Adelphi drama of stronger interest than any that has been produced at this theatre for a considerable time. The acting all round—but more especially of the women's parts—is first-rate. Miss L. Moodie, as Madeleine, in the prologue, acts with her accustomed intelligence and sympathy, and the child is affectingly represented by Miss Katie Barry. In the after-part of the piece most of the interest centres itself in Miss Pateman, who plays Adrienne, the convict's daughter, with a force of passion and tenderness that is artistic in the highest degree. Mrs. Bandmann, also, as Valentine, is admirably forceful and earnest. Mrs. Billington has not much opportunity afforded her in the rôle of the Duchess d'Aubeterre; nevertheless, as always, she is here excellent. Mrs. Arthur Stirling, as Madame Deprets, is also deserving of high praise. In the important part of Pierre Lorange, the hero of the drama, Mr. Bandmann disappointed us. There is a determined stagginess and a want of natural expression in his treatment of the character which go far to obscure many of the most dramatic portions of the play. Mr. Arthur Stirling, as the villain Lazare, was appropriately melodramatic; while Mr. Emery played the honest Chamboran with the hearty energy which distinguishes him in such parts. Mr. Charles Harcourt, as the Count d'Aubeterre, is good. Mr. Luigi Lablache, in the small part of Victor, Adrienne's lover, a young French officer, deserves more than a word of praise; while the remaining parts are adequately filled by Mr. James Johnstone as the Seneschal, Miss J. Coveney as Martha, and Miss Hudspeth as Julie.

GLOBE THEATRE.

A Fool and his Money, now in full popularity here, was supplemented on Monday evening by "an original comedy-burlesque" (as so styled on bills), by Messrs. R. Reece and Righton, under the title of *Mind the Shop*, which, though devoid of much merit and very ephemeral, is amusing and laughter-exciting from complications somewhat similar to those which take place at Cremorne Gardens in *The Pink Dominos*, of which farcical comedy *Mind the Shop* may be said to be a burlesque. Mr. Bartholomew Close, a grocer, and his principal employés, are all secretly married, and all are gay Lotharios. On Bank Holiday they severally take each other's wives out for a festive treat, and the fun, which is fast and furious, arises from their all meeting at a suburban tea-gardens on the evening, and in the ludicrous endeavours of each delinquent to avoid recognition. Mr. Toole, of course, is the moving spirit of the farce, and, as the grocer Close, succeeds in keeping the mirth alive. He is ably assisted by Mr. Righton as Tom Caddy, an errand-boy, and by Miss Fanny Leslie, as Harry Greene, the grocer's apprentice. Several songs, choruses, and dances are introduced, the best of the former being an admirable imitation of a Christy Minstrel concerted piece, in which the whole of the characters, led by Mr. Toole with droll solemnity, take part.

A "grand special" morning performance was given at the Globe Theatre on Wednesday last, when Lovell's *Love's Sacrifice*, a play which has been too long absent from the London boards, was produced, with a particularly strong cast, under the able superintendence of Mr. John Maclean. The piece was enthusiastically received by a full audience, and was in every respect a carefully-thought-out and highly-finished performance. Miss Leonard, a charming and elegant young lady with a sweet but somewhat low voice, essayed the part of Margaret Elmore, and, in the opening scenes, was impressive, easy, and natural, playing with much refinement both of conception and feeling. But it soon became apparent that she was labouring under the serious difficulty of a severe cold, which in the more declamatory passages expressing passionate outbursts of conflicting emotions, rendered her words almost inaudible, and at times robbed her acting of that power and force which we feel sure it would otherwise have possessed. Miss Ellen Meyrick, as the merry young widow Hermione de Vermont, with her strong will and firm good common-sense, was full of life and character—an admirable personation of a very delightful creation, her sparkling eyes, sunshiny smiles, and playful dimples aiding wonderfully in the realisation of her part, together with her deliciously unforced and musical laugh. The light-hearted rallery, and the earnestness and trueheartedness which shone through it, seemed to belong as fairly to Miss Meyrick as they did to Hermione de Vermont. It would be difficult to speak too highly of Mr. James Fernandez, as the crafty hypocrite, Paul Lafont. In every phase of the character his personation was complete. Mr. Barnes, as Eugene de Lorme, was what he always is—able, earnest, and conscientious, but wanting in intensity of feeling and power of expressing the more tender and sympathetic phases of his art. Mr. John Maclean—with just a wee tinge of systematic in his acting—displayed real dramatic power of the highest order, and heartily deserved the long and lasting applause he frequently won. Pretty Miss Kate Carlyon, natural and realistic, provoked much real merriment in her personation of Jenny, and made a decided hit. We are very much out in our calculations if she does not soon obtain a prominent position on the London stage. Mr. C. Fawcett, as Morlue, and Mr. B. D'Arblay, as Du Viray, gave their parts much more force and finish than their degree of importance in the cast usually obtains for them, a fact which aided wonderfully in securing the high-class artistic character of the entire performance. We never saw Mr. H. Paulton to better advantage than on this occasion. As Jean Ruse he was superlatively fine, never extravagant yet irresistibly funny, perfectly natural and yet grotesquely impressive, his little figure and droll face fitting the part he so strikingly naturalised as if they had been made for it. Miss Cicely Nott was an excellent Manou, and Mr. F. Huntley, as the Friar, displayed his usual force and power.

A new farce, by Mr. G. L. Gordon, entitled *Bachelors' Hall*, will be produced at the Philharmonic Theatre on Monday next.

Miss Emma Howson, sister of Mr. John Howson, the clever Australian actor (who, by the way, has scored immensely in Shiel Barry's part in *Les Cloches de Corneville* at Liverpool), will appear in Messrs. Sullivan and Gilbert's next musical novelty at the Olympic.

H.R.H. Princess Mary of Cambridge and the Duke of Teck witnessed the performance of *Olivia* on Tuesday evening last.

MISS EDITH BRUCE.

If any proof had been required of the popularity of this actress it was furnished some short time since, when she took her benefit at the Crystal Palace, and was rewarded by one of the most crowded houses seen for a very long time "under glass." It is possible to describe Miss Bruce in a very few words. She is an actress of great vivacity, considerable humour, and possesses the least suspicion of a most engaging lisp. This is none the less true because it borders on what may be termed "gush." She is well known in the provinces as an artiste of great capacity, but has been long enough connected with the metropolitan stage to secure a position in the first rank of artistes of distinct ability. Miss Edith Bruce began her London career at Covent Garden in *Babil and Bijou*, of gorgeous and costly memory. On the conclusion of her engagement there she migrated to the Strand, and thereafter (having played two successful seasons at Brighton) she was engaged by Mrs. A. Henderson for the part of Parker in *The Great Divorce Case*. Everybody recollects how amusing she made that perst of pert domestiques. Since then she has played with unvarying success in *Hot Water*, *On Bail*, and *The Pink Dominos*; but her chief triumphs have been at the Crystal Palace, having played the leading parts in the last two pantomimes, and in most of the several comedies produced under the management of Mr. Charles Wyndham.

ON Tuesday last week Messrs. James and Thorne were called into the saloon of the Vaudeville Theatre, and, much to their surprise, for the affair had been kept a profound secret, presented with facsimiles of a handsome set of silver "salts" and spoons, also cases of silver and "pearl"-handled fish knives and forks, "In commemoration of the eighth year of Messrs. James and Thorne's management." The testimonial had been subscribed to by the tradesmen and employés connected with the theatre. Mr. David M'Kay made the presentation on behalf of the subscribers.

PERFECTION.—MRS. S. A. ALLEN'S WORLD'S HAIR RESTORER never fails to restore Grey Hair to its youthful colour, imparting to it new life, growth, and lustrous beauty. Its action is certain and thorough, quickly banishing greyness. It is not a dye. It ever proves itself the natural strengthener of the Hair. Its superiority and excellence are established throughout the world. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers. MRS. S. A. ALLEN has for over 40 years manufactured these two preparations. They are the standard articles for the Hair. They should never be used together, nor Oil nor Pomade with either.

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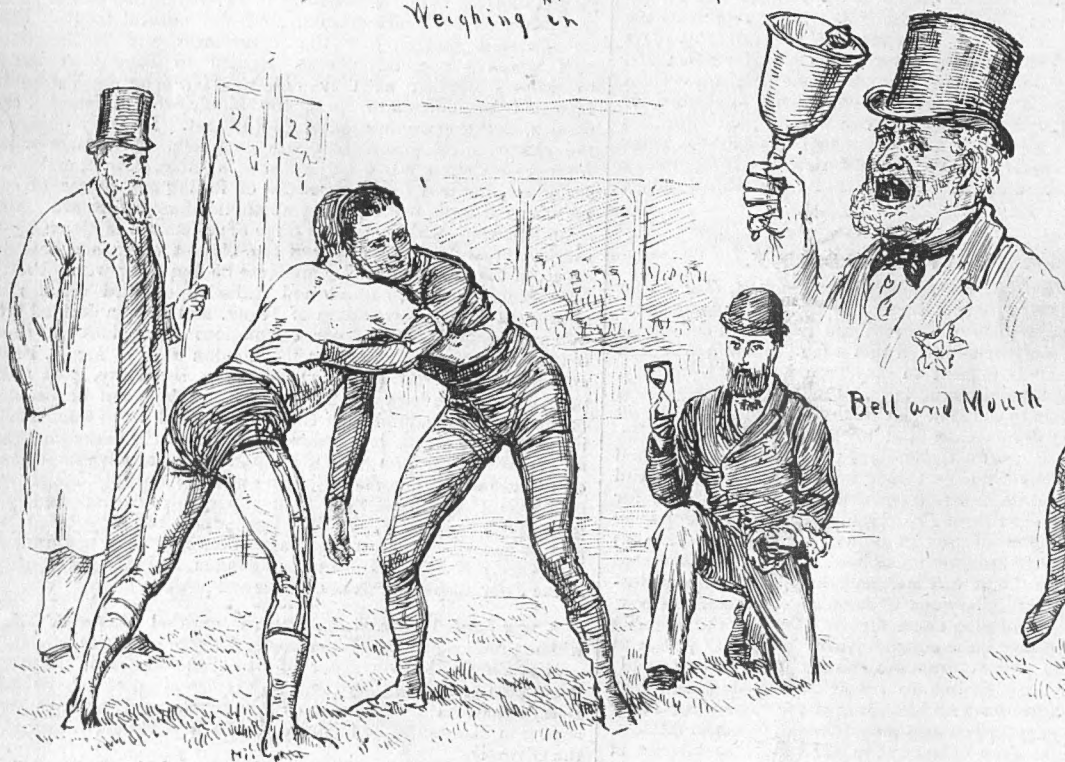
* We have since been informed that Miss Leonard came to the theatre from a sick bed.



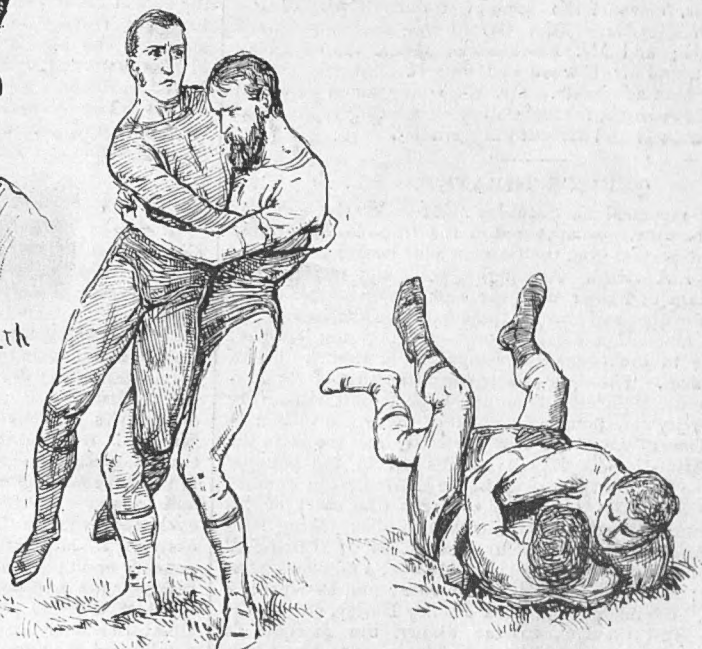
Weighing in



Dressing Room.



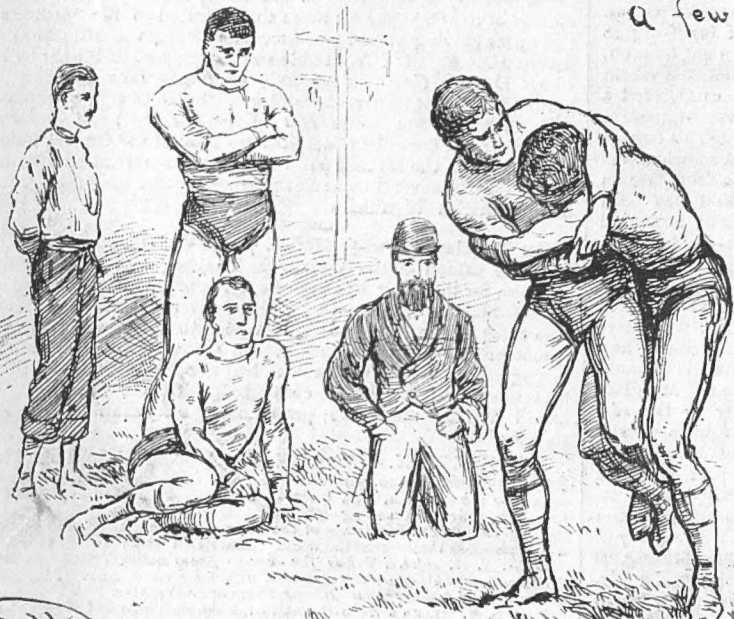
Country 11 stones prize. Final fall



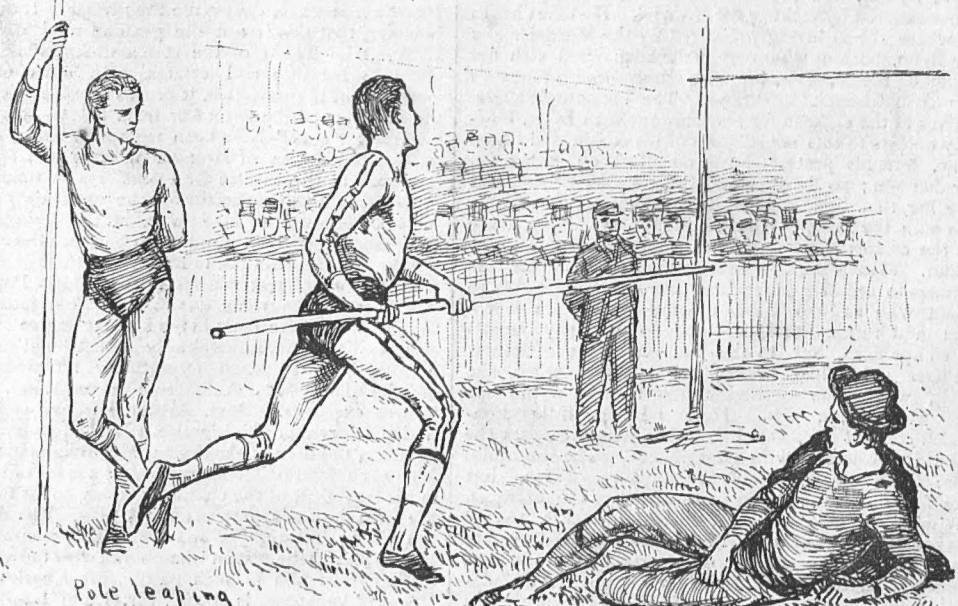
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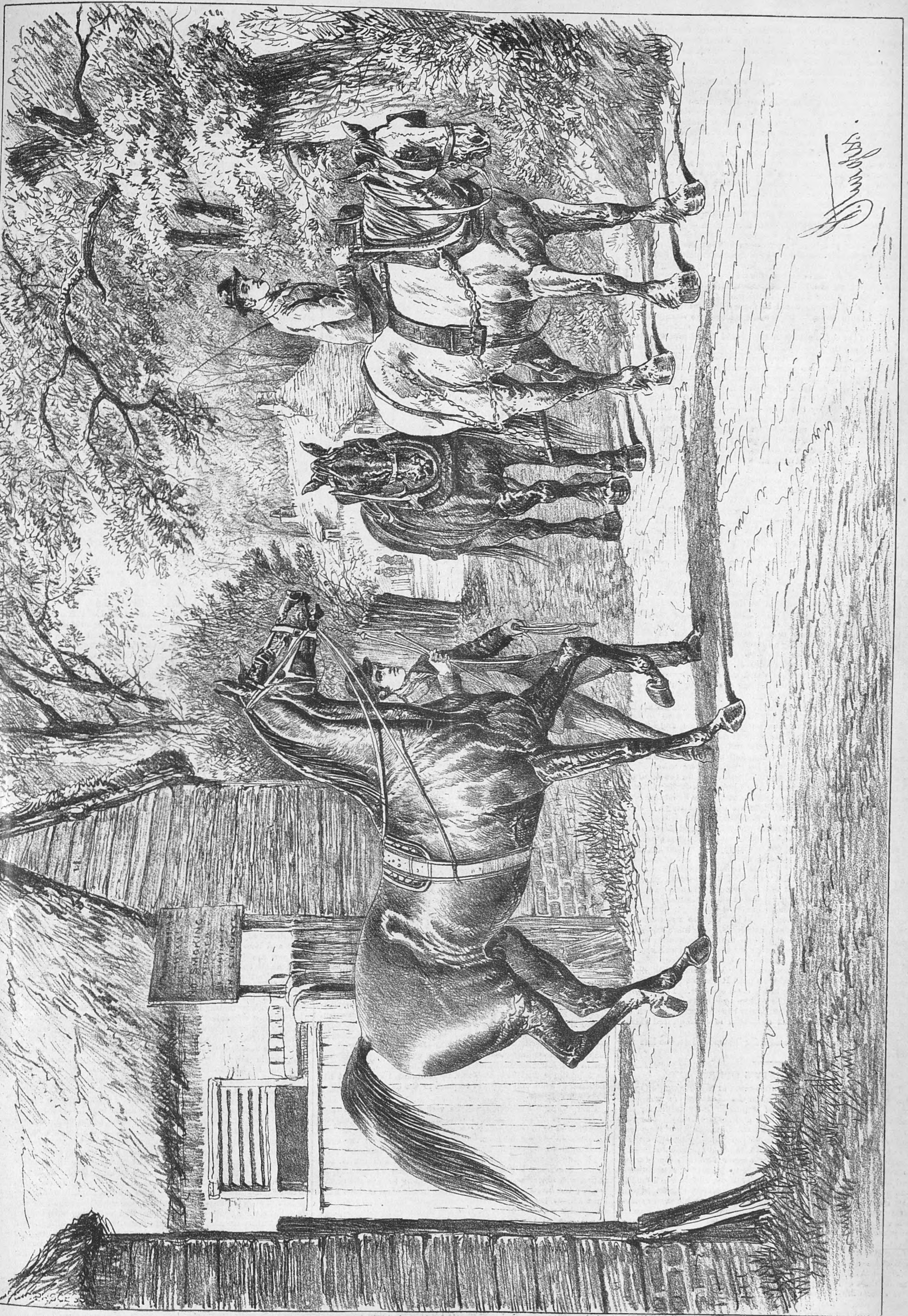
A few celebrities



All weights prize.



Pole leaping



A CONTRAST

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

La Favorita was produced last week at Covent Garden, and Madame Scalchi as Leonora, the heroine of that opera, made a great and legitimate success. The music, written for a mezzo soprano voice, is completely within her vocal means, and the richness of tone with which she sang "O mio Fernando," and the duets with Alfonso and Ferrando, afforded an exquisite delight, which was enhanced by the purity of her vocalisation and the fervent pathos which she imparted to her declamation. The part has often been assigned to sopranos, but the pathetic melodies can only receive full justice from a contralto or mezzo soprano, and those who last week had the gratification of hearing it interpreted by Madame Scalchi will be unwilling to see it entrusted to any other executant. The beautiful air, "O mio Fernando," and the duet with Alfonso, were encored, and Madame Scalchi's fine performance elicited frequent and enthusiastic applause. Signor Gayarre resumed the rôle of Fernando, in which he first appeared at the Royal Italian Opera. He made a decided success, and although he seemed less able than formerly to prevent the trembling of voice which has resulted from his tendency to exaggeration of power, the intellectuality and earnestness of his singing atoned for occasional defects, and he secured abundant applause. He was compelled to repeat "Spirto gentil," but his delivery of that charming melody would have been more completely satisfactory had he sung the opening passages, instead of whispering them, for the sake of subsequent effect in the climax of his crescendo. Signor Graziani, as the King Alfonso, acted with dignity and power. At first he sang flat, but in the third act he regained his vocal powers, and nothing could be more delightful than his delivery of "A tanto amor." Signor Bagagiolo's fine voice was in good condition, and his singing merited warm commendation. His acting in the scene where, as the Grand Inquisitor, Baldassare, he threatens the king with the terrors of the Church, was so inartistic and exaggerated that it became farcical. An ecclesiastical dignitary who pulls up his sleeves, clenches his fists, and rushes about the stage as if about to commence a pugilistic encounter with his Sovereign, is not an edifying object; and if Signor Bagagiolo does not see the impropriety of his demeanour he should be instructed by the stage-manager. Mdlle. Cottino's voice appears to be deteriorated in quality, and she was by no means successful in the part of Inez. Signor Fille, the new second-tenor, has a voice of excellent quality, and was an unusually good Gasparo. The opera was well mounted, and the choral and instrumental music received full justice from the fine band and chorus, ably directed by Signor Vianesi.

Il Trovatore was produced on Monday last with a cast in most respects novel. Mdlle. Bertelli made her début as Leonora, and awakened a highly favourable impression. We shall be able to offer a final opinion on her qualifications when noticing her performance as Agata in *Der Freischütz* (fixed for Thursday last); but even after hearing her only once we feel disposed to recognise in her the possessor of many of those qualities which are essential in a "dramatic" prima donna. Her voice is sympathetic and powerful, its range is extensive, it is naturally flexible, and has been well trained. Her nervousness was obvious, and, of course, deprived her of full command over her resources; but she displayed genuine dramatic feeling, and her singing was frequently greeted with hearty applause. Signor Carbone, as the Conte di Luna, made his first appearance in England. He has an agreeable barytone voice, of moderate power, and sings in good style, but on Monday last he was so nervous that it will be only fair to await another opportunity of forming an opinion on his merits. Signor Bolis made his reappearance after two years' absence, and sang better than ever. His splendid voice appears to have improved, and a better Manrico it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find. No suspicion of tremolo disturbed the enjoyment imparted by his delightful mezzo voice singing in "Ah si ben mio," and his superb declamation in "Di quella pira." Throughout the opera the sustaining power and beauty of tone conspicuous in his vocalisation were employed in the purest style of art, and should Signor Bolis sing equally well in the other parts which will be entrusted to him he must prove a powerful attraction. Madame Scalchi resumed the rôle of Azucena, and made that unpleasant personage more than endurable by her pleasant vocalisation.

La Sonnambula was produced on Tuesday last for the début of Mdlle. Emma Sarda as Amina. She obtained a favourable reception, and exhibited qualities which encourage the belief that she may hereafter attain a high position on the lyric stage. Her voice is bright, powerful, and of sympathetic quality. She attacks with apparent ease those high notes which certain amateur critics last year appeared to believe were phenomena exclusively within the reach of a particular artist whom they injured by their ignorant adulation. C, D, and E in alt were easily within her reach, and in the recitative preceding "Ah non credea" she made a scale of two octaves from the E flat in alt. Her execution of scale passages and chromatics was not uniformly good, and on a few occasions she sang flat. Great allowance must, however, be made for the trying ordeal which she encountered, and her next appearance will be awaited with interest. Mdlle. Cottino was tolerably satisfactory as Lisa. M. Capoul, as Elvino, once more exhibited the combination of merits and defects usually observable in his singing, and his acting, though often graceful and impressive, was sometimes impaired by affectation and extravagance. Signor Bagagiolo sang well, and while singing "Vi ravisso," held on to the traditional riding-whip, which Count Rodolfo appears to find indispensable when travelling in his close carriage. The familiar melodies were received with the customary marks of gratification, and it need scarcely be said that, under the masterly direction of Signor Vianesi, the choral and orchestral forces acquitted themselves well.

Der Freischütz was announced for Thursday last, too late for notice this week.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

The opening performance of the season at Her Majesty's Opera was given on Saturday last, when *La Sonnambula* was produced, with Mdlle. Marimon as Amina. How brilliantly she executes the music of this part it is unnecessary to say. She was in excellent voice, and her admirable vocalisation elicited abundant and well-merited applause. The Elvino was Signor Bettini, an accomplished vocalist, familiar with the best operatic traditions. Unfortunately, his voice—which was never powerful—has become so weak that he is unable to do justice to his artistic conceptions, and his declamation in the bed-room scene, and in "Ah perche non posso odiarti?" was wanting in the necessary vigour. Signor Del Puente was the Count Rodolfo, and both his singing and acting were excellent. He has improved in voice and style since he first visited England, and has become one of the best of our operatic barytones. Madame Bauermeister was admirable as Lisa, and the chorists and band did their work well under the skilful direction of Sir Michael Costa, who was warmly cheered when he made his appearance in the orchestra. The opera was preceded by the National Anthem, in which the band and chorists gave a satisfactory taste of their quality.

Il Flauto Magico was produced on Tuesday last, with nearly the same cast as that of last season. Mdlle. Valleria for the first time essayed the rôle of Pamina, and, although rather overtasked

in the dramatic requirements of the part, she sang so well that her impersonation added greatly to the success of the ensemble. Mdlle. Marimon resumed the rôle of Astrafiamante, and her splendid vocalisation in the trying arias of the Queen of Night elicited enthusiastic applause. Madame Bauermeister was a charming Papagena, and her lover, Papageno, found a capital representative in Signor Del Puente. Signor Bettini sang the music assigned to Tamino in finished style. Signor Foli sang like an artist, but his voice was not in good order, and his lower notes were deficient in power. The minor parts were ably filled, and the choral and instrumental music was executed in a style worthy of Her Majesty's Opera.

Dinorah was announced for Thursday last—too late for notice this week, and *La Traviata* will be produced to-night for the rentrée of Mdlle. Minnie Hauk, of whom great things are expected.

Mdlle. Smeroschi, whose recent successes at the Royal Italian Opera we have had the pleasure of chronicling, is, we understand, about to become the wife of Signor Carbone, the new barytone, who made his début at Covent Garden on Monday last as Il Conte di Luna in *Il Trovatore*.

Mdlle. Bianchi, we regret to learn, is so severely suffering from ill-health that it is doubtful whether she will be able to appear at the Royal Italian Opera this season.

Mdlle. D'Angeri's return to the Royal Italian Opera is said to be doubtful. It will have been observed that another "dramatic" soprano, Mdlle. Bertelli—not announced in the prospectus—has taken the place of Mdlle. D'Angeri in *Il Trovatore* and in *Der Freischütz*.

Signor Li Calsi, who has for many years filled the important post of *maestro al piano* at Her Majesty's Opera, has, we are informed, seceded from that establishment, and his place will probably be taken by Mr. Willing, the organist.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company have had a successful season at Manchester, and on Good Friday they joined in a concert of sacred music, which elicited warm commendations from the *Manchester Examiner* and other local journals.

At the Crystal Palace arrangements are being made for a series of English operas, to be given in June and July next.

TURFIANA.

THE Kempton Park authorities have advertised their intention to celebrate their opening day in July, and as the fixture falls between Newmarket July and Goodwood we see no reason why it should fail to make a good start. Arrangements have, of course, been in progress for some time in a quiet sort of way, but operations have been more vigorously pushed along during the recent dry weather, and the place is beginning to assume more of a finished aspect than might be anticipated, considering the short period of preparation the directors have had before them. The course will certainly be pronounced one of the finest in the kingdom, and vastly different from those of the circus and soup-plate order which have mostly distinguished recent ventures in the same direction. It has been wisely determined that the number of meetings to be held annually shall not exceed four, so that people will not get sick of the place and its surroundings, and sport of a better class is thus likely to be provided. After recent experiences, there will be a fine chance for the Kempton Park authorities to make their meeting a model one, particularly in respect of betting regulations, the efficiency of which has lately been put to a pretty severe test by proceedings taken against certain individuals for wagering in ready money. We do earnestly hope that some serious steps will be taken to purify the Ring at this new meeting, and that anxiety to realise large sums in gate-money will be subordinated to the determination to keep out all doubtful characters. By the way, we hear the railway arrangements will be even more convenient than at Sandown Park, a branch line being in course of construction to the very entrance to the Grand Stand. Besides the racecourse, there is acreage enough for breeding operations on a considerable scale, and there will be every accommodation for horses arriving to compete at the meeting. Altogether, the promise of a brilliant future is before its promoters, if only they are content to take a high line of action, and to avoid pernicious examples, so plentifully apparent in other suburban ventures.

One or two *quondam* celebrities figure in the private sale list, John Day, Broadside, and Devotee being the first three names which catch our eye. The racing career of the two former may be supposed to have terminated, while that of the latter has but just begun, and she is out of one of Sir Joseph Hawley's old mares, a collection which Mr. Chaplin did well to dip into pretty freely, as results have amply demonstrated. The new occupier of Brick House, Dunmow, is also anxious to draft some of his super-numeraries, but the most imposing list is that which follows, their owner having selected them with great care and judgment. Moreover, he may be supposed to know something about the *arcana* of breeding, having gone thoroughly into that abstruse subject, and we came across several of his mares on the occasion of our last visit to Cobham. Lavinia and Lady Ravensworth are a very handsome, compact pair, culled from the Dewhurst Stud, and both boast a large infusion of the "accursed blood" of Blacklock, so dear to Yorkshire hearts. Calrossie, too, like Lavinia, is out of a Cure mare, with the fine old strain of Muley Moloch to fall back upon, and in Greek Maiden, by Blair Athol, we find the now scarce strain of Pyrrhus the First, and she should be well suited by Carnival. Incognita's pedigree is full of good names, and Scotch Reel is sister to Highland Fling and Strathfleet, which should stamp her as something out of the common. Sweet Marjoram is a young Adventurer mare, and we thought La Neva a "very eligible" matron when we saw her at King of the Forest's paddocks last year, whither Duchess of Devonshire, a shapely Stockwell mare, also wended her way. Ragman Roll is one of the few Beadsman mares; Miss Costa is a Shepherd's Bush bred one, and old Amorous, by Ambrose, though past the meridian of stud life, may yet respond to the dalliance of young and lusty consorts.

Poor "Fog" Rowlands will be very much missed in circles where his many good qualities were appreciated, and it may be said of him, as of many other "boon companions" that he was no one's enemy but his own. Originally hailing from the Principality, and brought up as a disciple of Galen, his tastes soon led him in an opposite direction to the pill-box and pestle, and racing became his hobby. An excellent rider in his day, he at first was better known in the steeplechasing than in the racing world; but he soon took kindly enough to the Flat, and his well-known figure has not been missing "on circuit" for many a year past. A goodly number of tyros, now on their own hook, graduated under him as their master; and if he achieved no remarkable successes among the Tritons of the turf, a good many of the sweet little fish came to his net, and as he never flew at the highest game, his employers were satisfied with the crumbs that fell to their share. Scamp has been his latest crack, and Sir John Astley might well be grateful to his trainer and manager for the grand condition in which the tough old veteran was handed over to the starter at Croydon last year. The stables at Pitt Place were generally full, and if there were no Derby or Cup horses to be stripped, plenty of useful material was to be found there, and

it was evident that all were well cared for. Nor will the hospitalities of the Epsom weeks in particular, and the "open house" kept at all times at Pitt Place be forgotten by the many who shared them often on the most shadowy excuses, and it may safely be said that none were sent empty away from its portals. So one by one these old landmarks of Turf history keep dropping away; but be sure that none have taken their departure hence with more sincere regrets from "troops of friends" than Fothergill Rowlands.

The card for the first day of the Craven Meeting was a stronger one than usual, and though arrivals were not very numerous, a very fair afternoon's sport resulted, proceedings being entirely confined to the Flat. A Post Sweepstakes attracted the representatives of Mr. Crawford and Lord Falmouth to the post, and the odds laid on Childeric were never in doubt, though no inkling of the colt's real form could be gained from his race with so moderate an opponent as Broad Corrie. The roguish Julius Celsus managed to pull off the Trial Stakes in Luke's hands, and Fordham made his reappearance in the saddle on Pardon for the Bushes Handicap, but had to play second fiddle to Advance at the finish, albeit the Frenchman had a 20lb pull in the weights. Rather an indifferent lot contested the appropriately named "Weeds" Plate, for which Captain Macchell furnished a favourite in the Happy Wife colt, but Prince Charlie scored his first success at the stud with the Cobham-bred Catherine filly, which forthwith changed hands for 255 guineas. Jeffery, on Witchery, cut down Colorado, Merry Heart, and Co. for the Double Trial Plate, in which that hopeless monstrosity, The Laird, made a most inglorious début, and "Pommy" was up a pear tree with a vengeance, albeit he started at an ominously long price. To the great delight of his many friends and followers, Fordham broke the ice the second time of asking on Pardon in the Bretby Plate; but Goater had the mount on Ecossais in the Flying Stakes, wherein the once highly vaunted Bay Athol ran a perfect wretch. The Biennial brought out a fearfully moderate half score of performers, the only non-maiden being Redwing (sadly gone off since last year), and the outsider Pontoise made every yard of the running, and won as he pleased, Reefer and Wild Darell being the placed ones, but thereby shedding no light on the big events to come, which engaged the attention of pencilers during the intervals of racing. On Wednesday the Twentieth Sale Stakes having resulted in a walk-over for Gitana, eight came out to do battle for a T.Y.C. Plate, which Idler, the extreme outsider of the party, won cleverly. The Free Handicap fell to Rugby, long put about as a good thing for a big race, and the "property of a lady." The roaring Athol Lad was made favourite, but soon retired, and The Callant was once more second, in front of the uncertain Oasis. A very fair field came out for the Two-year-old Maiden Plate, and once more did her party make Andrella favourite, but she had nothing to do with a very pretty finish between Caxtonian, St. Hilda (7lb extra) and San Francisco. The winner is by Sterling, who has been long enough at a hundred guineas fee to have begotten something out of the common lot; his turn may be coming now, and we hear of one or two by him likely to make some stir. Thurio fully justified the short odds accepted about him by a ready victory in the Newmarket Handicap, and he may carry the pink jacket in the Derby, in which Prince Soltykoff is fond of being represented. Tibthorpe and Cremorne both claim him for their own, but probably the Rufford horse is to be credited with his sireship, and though on the small side, Thurio is really a nice horse and a good mover. Il Gladiatore and Garbroch were second and third, and Rylstone last, but we shall not accept the running of Lord Hartington's mare as correct, and she must be followed throughout the season. Though it was no secret that Verneuil had been amiss, his admirers were content to lay 6 to 4 on the handsome Frenchman for the Claret, but Thunderstone played a waiting game, and fairly smothered his opponent at last, winning in very hollow fashion, while Winchelsea was beaten nearly out of sight. There was really some spirit in betting circles during the day, and for the City and Suburban, Petrarch was supported for good money at shortening odds, and Helena made a move upwards.

We may as well clear the way for the race of the Epsom Spring Meeting by disposing of the minor events at once, though the programme is necessarily an imperfect one at the time of penning these remarks. The Westminster Stakes is the leading two-year-old event of Tuesday next, and numbers among its subscribers but few names known to fame as yet, Cairngorm, Zenoyda, Polpetti, and Co. being only average animals, and we shall expect to find something in the dark division figuring more prominently—White Poppy, Xavier, Stockwater colt, and others enjoying good reputations—while Count Lagrange's lot read formidable, and to them and the best of Lord Hartington's we shall be content to leave the issue. In the Hyde Park Plate on Wednesday we encounter the names of Leghorn, Devotee, Andrella, and Witchery, a quartette which will take a deal of beating, and we shall look no further than Leghorn for the winner, believing him to be a colt of exceptional excellence, while a bold front is again shown by the Phantom Cottage lot. With the Great Surrey Handicap, five furlongs, it seems rash to meddle so long before it comes on for decision, and we can only hint at the possibility of Pardon, Catherine, and Strathblane being worth following if among the starters, with a saving clause in favour of old Caramel. The rich Prince of Wales Stakes has a big entry, and so many of the City and Suburban favourites are engaged therein that it may turn out a second edition of the big race, and previous running must be the backers' guide. We shall hazard no prediction on this event. Putting the cart before the horse, we may as well make a distant and random shot at the result of the Great Metropolitan, for which we fancy the welters in preference to the feathers, finding nothing among the latter of class enough to compete with the leading characters of the piece. With a run we should strongly incline to the chance of Belphebe, but it may be wise to take a second string, and a useful colt may be found in Jester.

We are now left with the race of the meeting alone to discuss, and, while admitting that Placida has strong claims to the position she has held so long and so unflinchingly, we cannot think the difference in the odds is justified as between her and Rosy Cross and Belphebe, after duly considering the weights at which they are called upon to compete. Of the three we should choose to stand upon Belphebe; but as she may be struck out at the last moment, it will not do to rely upon her at once, and we must perforce range ourselves under Mr. East's colours again. For neither Kaleidoscope nor Helena have we any great fancy, since, however easy the course at Epsom may be, the final ascent has frequently choked off slack-jointed animals like the Russley pair, and though Speculum succeeded in doing the trick, he was one of the tight and handy sort, and, unlike most of his progeny, well-coupled and short-backed. Rob Roy is slightly under suspicion, and may therefore be at once discarded; nor shall we sail in the same boat with Petrarch, who, besides having been trained in a desultory fashion, is a delicate horse, heavily weighted, and uncertain to boot. Fontainebleau has advanced on the strength of his performance in France some fortnight since, but he had been under a cloud so long before that it would be wise to see him before trusting him, and we decline to stand him in the face of so many genuine candidates, well known to be in form as well as in health. Strathmore is hardly the sort of horse we should pick out for a race of this kind, doubting, as we do, his turn of speed; and, on the principle of discarding all roguish alliances, we shall at once put out of court Chevron and Ithoni,

BUGS, FLEAS, MOTHS, BEETLES, and all other insects are destroyed by KEATING'S INSECT DESTROYING POWDER, which is quite harmless to domestic animals. In exterminating Beetles the success of the powder is extraordinary. It is perfectly clean in application. Sold in tins of 15, and 25, 6d. each, by all Chemists.—[ADVT.]



To dreamy John's supreme delight,
He on a sudden feels "a bite!"



John knows his book, "go in and win"—
So here's for gills, or tail, or fin!



With prey pressed in a fond embrace
He swimmeth to the landing-place.



Too suddenly, the tug's too sharp—
The line is gone, and eke the carp!



*Half drew she him (so Goethe writes),
Half sunk he in (likewise indites).*



The which he climbs in time to tell
That "all is well that endeth well."



Says John, "Ah! not so quick my rover,
Both line and fish I will recover."



The fight is fierce, his trouble sore,
Till victory crowns his "craft" once more.



The friendly sun the angler dries,
As homeward with his spoil he hies.

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

It is with feelings of peculiar pleasure and satisfaction that I am enabled to place before my readers the result of an interview with Professor Shwipes, of Idleberg, on the subject of the life of that Great Tragedian, Herr Trumpetblower. The Professor has been the gifted one's friend from early youth, and has as keen an interest in the subject of The Marvelous Artiste as Boswell had in the sayings and doings of Doctor Johnson. I have also, through the kindness of the Professor, been enabled to make some copies of prints relating to the Dramatic Demigod which are sacredly preserved in the Museum of Idleberg. I will place before my readers the notes I made during Professor Shwipes's narrative, as I think any alteration or correction would but mar the story:—

HERR TRUMPETBLOWER.

Mien dear vren Trompetblower is not an Actor, he is vot you call *Artiste*—GREAT ARTISTE—ze greatest ov all Artiste! He vos give birth ven he vos but a leetal childe, and dat vos one grade day vor Germany, vor Engolond, vor de ole world. He vos no gommon invand zis habe Trompetblower, from de gradle he show zigs of de bower, de Great Bower, de greatest ov oll Bower ov vitch he vos de lonely pozezor. He bite his nurse's ear, he what you call punch her head ven he is dree monts of agedness. De



nurse she did not like it, she vos ignorant, dull, but de vize men dey zay it is TRAGIC BOWER, it is good. And dey ver right. De nurse she go vay, and de beoble zay ze chile vill die, but no—de Angel ov good-gifts comed and veed ze babe on ze sausage ov success, and ze sourkraut of Tragic Bower. Den de chile he gommenn to grow big and shtrong. And his hairit begin to curl, and his nose it arrives at a noble bend, and ze vize men zay, "Did ve not dell you?" And dey ver right. Very vell, den he go ond to blay vid de boys, but he no blay. His brains dey vos vorking, and he put his vinger on to his prow like de shtatue of Shiller, and he walk away mit himself and ze boys dey call him "Sneak!" and ze vize men dey zay nodings all ze dime, for fear ze boys dey srow shtones. And dey ver right. Zo young Trompetblower he go to ze girls and dey fear him, and he make dem cry—he could not help it, it vas Tragic Bower. Den it is dime vor him to go to school, but pefore I vill dell you of his school-days, I vill light mine bibe and drink mine Bock.

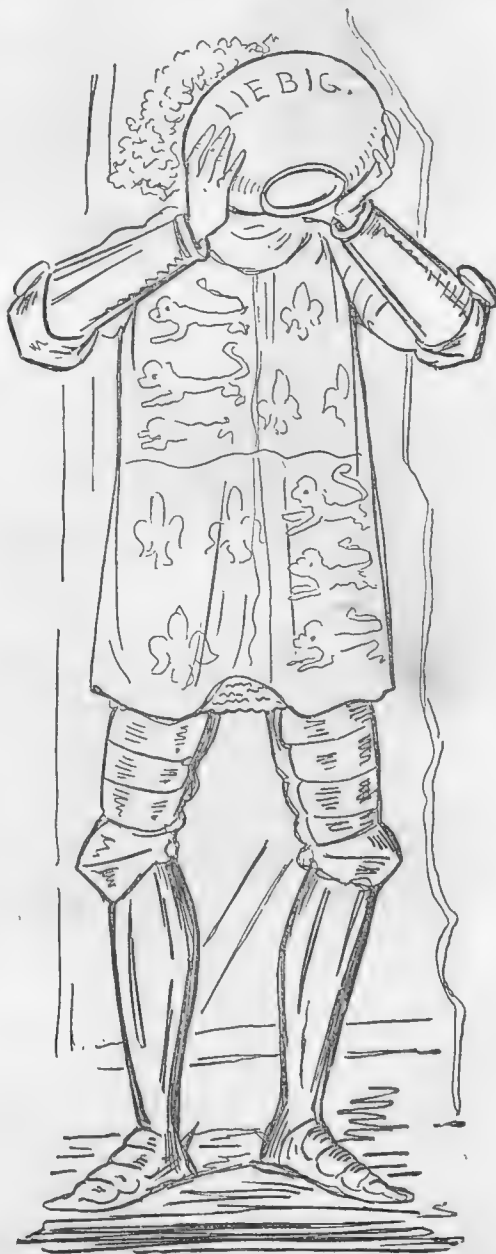
Dis Trompetblower den he goes to school, and he learn of every dings very fasd, and de beoble dey come to hear his shblendid voice when he read his lessons, and it vas peautiful, and ven he come to ze English bart of his lesson and he read from ze boem ze boetry:—

Hi diddle diddle, ze cat and ze viddle,
Ze dog he jomp up over ze mon,

Ze beoble dey cry, and ze vize men zay, "It is Tragic Bower." And dey vor right. After zometime, Trompetblower he is made to gome pefore ze Emperor to read ze vorks of ze great Dramatists, but he zay, "No, I vill go to Engolond, and I vill teach dem how



dey most act, and I vill dake dis' poor devil Zhaksheare's leetal pook, and I vill make him a great man." And he backs ub his drabs and he go to America to find ze pure English language, and ven he haf vound it, he dakes ze leetal pook ov ze boor devil Zhakesheare and he learn Omolet, and Zhylock, and



Odello, and all ze beobles vot are in ze little pook, and he gets zome clothes vot are like zose beobles vould veer, and he look at himself in ze glass, and he declaim, and den he shmile ze shmile zat is ze laugh of success, and he shake hands mit himself, and he whispers mit himself, "It is Tragic Bower." And he vos right. And he come to Engolond, and he teach ze beoble how to act, and he blay Omolet, and he veers black-thread gloves all ze dime he blay him, and zome of ze ignorant beoble dey zay, "Zis is wrong." But he vos right. Ven he play Omolet he dell to Ovelia "Go to a Nunnery," he dell her so hard zat her eye it come quvite plack. And zen ze beobles ov London pegin to zee zat it vos Tragic Bower, and zay dell him, "You are too good vor us, you vaste youre dimes here, you should go mit you gifts to ze Provinces, to Dover, and Butney, and blaces ov zat zort," and he bag ub drabs vonce more, and he goes, and ze beobles ov Dover, and Butney, and Pelfast, and blaces like zat, zay come and deyspend all ze money vat zay have do zee him, and ven zay have no more money zay say, "It is no matter—it is Tragic Bower." And zay vor right. Den he act zo moch zat ze Angel of good gifts comed



do him vonce more, and she gif him a leetal pot mit Inspiration in it, and she dell him, "My chile, you mix some vot is in ze leetal pot mit hot voter and some zalt and bepper, and you drink it vile you act, zust to keep ub your shtrength mit." And von night, ven ze man vot helbed him to but on his vot you call "zacks and bucksins," haf not made ready for him zis inspiration, and he comed off ze stage, and he zay to zis man, "Where is mine drink? You know zat I cannot act mitout zis?" And ze foolish man he ron and fitch it, and he say, "Here is your Liebig, and you can't act mit it eider!" And Trompetblower he look at him mit his eagle's eyes, and he zay, "It is vell vor you you are not a voman," and ze foolish man he goes away, and he dies mit fright. I could much more dell ov mine dear vren Trompetblower, but I must mine Bock drunk and light mine bibe, and you may zhoust look at his pictures in ze museums vile I do zo.

Vell, have you zeen ze bictures? Zere is ze Angel mit ze sausage and sourkraut (*och Got, it is goot!*) And here is Herr Trompetblower as Omolet, ze character he made Zhakspeare vamous mit. And here you zee him drinking mit ze inspiration ze angel gif him. And zis is a bicture of ze ztatue vot ze ladies ov ze stage in Engolond haf made him, for zay all love him so. Now you have seen moch enough to make you happy. Ze vize men zay, dink zat if a man hear too moch about Herr Trompetblower and his Tragic Bower, he vill go mad. And zay are right.

THE *New York Herald* of the 1st inst. says: "Gilmore and his band, announced to appear in Dublin on the 16th, 17th, and 18th of May, and in Liverpool, London, and the smaller English, Irish, and Scotch cities, will sail from America on the 4th of May. New uniforms are being made, the rehearsals are frequent, and the City of Berlin will be prepared specially for their accommodation. The Plymouth Rock, the Columbia, and other steamers have already been offered as convoys to a generous 'send-off.'"

THE ROYAL POLYTECHNIC.

ON Saturday evening last, the largest audience that has been seen within the walls of the Royal Polytechnic Institution for many years past, assembled to greet Professor Pepper on his return to the place with which his name is so intimately associated. Loud and long-continued was the applause when the Professor stepped upon the stage of the large theatre—an ovation, in fact, which ought to convince every director on the Board of Management that the friendly feeling towards this popular lecturer has not died out—has in no way been dimmed by his six years' absence. Many persons regretted that he should have selected for his introductory lecture a subject apparently so worn to rags as "The Chemistry of the Sun," one that has been the stock-in-trade of nearly every scientific lecturer since the Exhibition of

1862. It was seen, however, as he placed his matter in clear language with impressive voice before attentive hearers, that there was—something "new under the sun." This was his novel method of demonstrating the hard facts of physical astronomy. Thus, instead of projecting the lantern representation of a solar eclipse upon a white screen in the ordinary fashion of all modern lecturers who deal with such subjects, he produced "the ghost" of an image, and as seen through the window of an astronomer's study, the obscured sun with its mysterious "corona" seemed to stand out in space and with marvellous effect. Then again, the lambent flames which leap up to mighty height around the disc of the sun, seen during its total eclipse (or by the artificial appliances devised by Jannsen and Lockyer), were admirably counterfeited by pyrotechnic means upon a gigantic model of the sun seen floating in the heavens, a scenic effect which occupied the entire stage. The

gorgeous spectra of those metals which have been found to exist in the atmosphere of the sun were projected upon the screen on a gigantic scale by aid of powerful electric-light apparatus, so that in every sense, Professor Pepper's new lecture may be designated as "brilliant." We have always regarded the severance of the connection between Professor Pepper and the shareholders of the Polytechnic as a mistake on both sides; but we trust that the new alliance may never again be broken till the grave closes over the head that has grown silvered in the interests of the Institution.

MORE CURES (this week) by DR. LOCOCK'S PULMONIC WAFERS.—"Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Asthma, and Bronchial Affections are quickly and surely removed by them."—From Mr. Morris, 187, West Derby-road, Liverpool. Sold by all druggists at 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per box.—[ADVT.]

SALES BY AUCTION.

WALTON-ON-THE-HILL, Surrey.—The very valuable Manor of Walton-on-the-Hill, with its fines, heriots, and quit-rents, and upwards of 700 acres of common and down land, including that part of the Derby Racecourse on Epsom Downs popularly known as Tattenham-corner, the income derived from the property being upwards of £1,200 per annum.

MESSRS. NORTON, TRIST, WATNEY, and Co. are instructed by the Trustees under the will of the late Edward Studd, Esq., to offer for SALE, at the Mart, on FRIDAY, June 28th, at Two o'clock precisely, the valuable MANOR of WALTON, with the arbitrary fines, quit-rents, and heriots arising from the copyhold lands, besides the waste lands of the manor, including Walton Downs on which is the famous galloping grounds, known as Six Mile Hill, and a part of the Derby Racecourse to Tattenham-corner; also Walton-heath, containing 500 acres of gorse heath and open land, which affords splendid shooting, with the excise right to the fuzes, turf, loam, gravel, and minerals. There are many charming building sites on the estate, and the large extent of common and down land adjoining both Epsom Downs and Walton-heath presents unusual and unrivalled attractions to any nobleman or gentleman fond of either racing or shooting; there are several packs of hounds within easy distance. The property adjoins Banstead-heath, a large unenclosed common on the east, which is included among the metropolitan commons, for the special protection of which an Act of Parliament has been passed. Particulars, with plans, may be obtained shortly of Messrs. Farrer, Overy, and Co., Solicitors, 66, Lincoln's-inn-fields; at the Chequers, Walton, the Mart; and of the Auctioneers, 62, Old Broad-street, Royal Exchange.

Vale of Pickering.—The Welburn-hall Beckhouse (or Cropton), and Riseborough Estates, in the North Riding of the county of York.—In the High Court of Justice (Chancery Division). "Wrangham v. Smith and others."—The valuable and highly-productive Agricultural, Residential, and Sporting Domains, containing an area of 2,905 acres, including Welburn-hall, with several farmhouses and homesteads, and other residences, moors, &c., affording first-rate shooting and fishing, and of the estimated annual value of £3,500, and the Perpetual Advowson of Middleton, of the value of £114 per annum.

MR. GEORGE TRIST (of the firm of Messrs. Norton, Trist, Watney, and Co.) is instructed to offer the above ESTATES for SALE, at the Mart, in Tokenhouse-yard, City, on FRIDAY, June 28th, at two o'clock precisely, in five lots. More descriptive advertisements will shortly appear. Particulars, with plans of each estate, may be had in due course of Messrs. Norton, Rose, Norton, and Brewer, 6, Victoria-street, Westminster, London, S.W.; the Solicitors having the carriage of the sale; William Simpson, Esq., Solicitor, New Malton, Yorkshire; Messrs. Sparke and Son, Solicitors, Bury St. Edmund's; Messrs. White, Borrett, and Co., 6, Whitehall-place, London, S.W.; Messrs. Tindal and Baynes, Solicitors, Aylesbury; Messrs. Pyke, Irving, and Pyke, 43, Lincoln's-inn-fields, W.C.; H. S. Russell, Esq., 1 and 2, Mitre-court-chambers, Temple, London, E.C.; Messrs. T. S. Cundy and Son, Estate Agents, Leeds and Wetherby, Yorkshire; at the Mart; and of the Auctioneers, 62, Old Broad-street, London, E.C.

LEICESTERSHIRE.—Notice of Sale in Lots.—The Manor of Leesthorpe, in the parish of Pickwell, an important and exceedingly attractive Freehold Estate of 602a. 1r. 16p., of which about 410 acres are fine large, very grassy, and well-fenced pastures, and 170 acres arable of exceedingly fertile quality, with a comfortable stone-built family mansion, known as Leesthorpe-hall, pleasure grounds, large ornamental lake with islands and waterfalls, plantations, gardens, stabling, capital farmhouses and homestead, several modern cottages, &c.; situated in the best hunting district in England, being only four miles from Melton Mowray, in the centre of the most favourite meets of the Quorn, Belvoir, and Cottesmore hounds, and within easy reach of Mr. Tailby's and the Pychley hunts. It is readily accessible by rail from all parts, and further facilities for communication with London and the north, as well as for local traffic, will shortly be afforded by the new lines now in course of construction between Newark, Melton Mowray, Leicester, and Market Harborough, which will connect the Great Northern, Midland, and London and North-Western systems. The lands are let to highly respectable yearly tenants, and the present income therefrom is nearly £1,300 per annum, exclusive of the residence, grounds, plantations, and shooting, of which possession may be had.

MESSRS. DEBENHAM, TEWSON, and FARMER will SELL, at the Mart, on TUESDAY, May 28, at 2, in lots, as follows, the above-described valuable FREEHOLD ESTATE:—

Lot 1.—The Mansion and Curtilage, Three capital modern Cottages and Gardens, Plantations, and Grass Land, in all about 84a. or 6p., of which 17a. or 3p. are in hand. The mansion is of moderate dimensions, and the appointments are adapted to the requirements of a gentleman's family.

Lot 2.—Part of Leesthorpe-grange Farm, 211a. or 3p., with good brick and slated farm-house, compact set of buildings, and two excellent modern cottages; in the occupation of Mr. W. F. Kirkby. Plantations in hand, 2a. or 25p.

Lot 3.—Farm-cottage, small set of buildings, and 186a. 2r. 34p., in the occupation of Mr. J. M. Gilford and Mr. J. Young. Plantations in hand 2a. 3r. 35p.

Lot 4.—Part of Leesthorpe-grange Farm, 76a. or 21p., in the occupation of Mr. W. F. Kirkby. Plantations in hand 2r. 4p.

Lot 5.—An Enclosure of Arable Land, 37a. 2r. 2p., in the occupation of Mr. W. F. Kirkby. Plantation in hand 1a. 1r. 6p.

Particulars of Messrs. Latham and Paddison, Solicitors, Melton Mowray; and of the Auctioneers, 50, Cheapside.

SOBERTON, HANTS.—A most complete Training Establishment, recently constructed at considerable cost, and in perfect order, situate six miles from Bishops Waltham Station, and known as Grenville-hall, comprising owner's lodge, trainer's house, head groom's house, boys' dormitory, a range of 12 loose boxes, two four-stall stables and six-stall stables—all perfectly fitted, ventilated, and lighted with gas; double coach-house, well or engine house, gasometer, and other useful buildings; surrounded by a paddock of six acres, and private way to Soberton Racecourse and Training-ground. Possession on completion of the purchase.

MESSRS. DRIVER and Co., will offer to AUCTION the above valuable Property, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, London, on Tuesday, 24th May, at 2 o'clock precisely, in one lot (unless previously sold by private contract). Particulars of Messrs. Raper and Freeland, Solicitors, Chichester; and of Messrs. Driver and Co., Surveyors, Land Agents, and Auctioneers, 4, Whitehall, London.

To Trustees and others.—The New River Company.—Three One-Eighths of an Original or Adventurer's Share (land-tax redeemed) in this highly important and lucrative trading corporation, producing a safe and constantly increasing annual income, forming a truly valuable freehold estate, conferring votes for the counties of Hertford and Middlesex, and affording improving investments unsurpassed by any other class of security.

CHINNOCK, GALSORTHY, and CHINNOCK will SELL by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, City, E.C., on WEDNESDAY, May 22nd, 1878, at 2 o'clock precisely, in numerous lots, to suit the requirements of both large and small capitalists, THREE-EIGHTHS of an ADVENTURER'S SHARE in the FREEHOLD ESTATES and INTEREST of the NEW RIVER, with its mains, watercourses, extensive reservoirs in and near the Metropolis, landed and house properties, ground-rents, wharves, buildings, privileges, commodities, and appurtenances belonging to the Adventurers' moiety of the properties of this historic corporation, being the oldest company which supplies London with water, and the income from which is abundantly secure and continually increasing, as may be gathered from the fact that the dividend paid last year is nearly double that of 10 years since, and the revenue for 1877 was £15,600 in excess of the previous year; and such revenue must still further increase, not only from the many building operations now being carried on in the districts supplied by the New River, but from the termination of ground and other leases, when the rental value will be greatly augmented. The dividend paid on each share for last year was at the rate of £2.20, and the net income derived from the portion now for sale £811 13s. 10d. The Adventurers' shares are free from the King's Clog of £500 a year, to which the King's shares are liable, and the holder of one is entitled to a seat on the Board. Each lot forms a unique freehold estate, conferring the electoral franchise for the counties of Middlesex and Hertford, and for the investment of trust moneys and safe employment of capital presents an opportunity seldom to be met with, and infinitely superior to any other class of property. Particulars, with conditions of sale, may be had of Charles Appleyard, Esq., Solicitor, 1, New-square, Lincoln's-inn, W.C.; at the Mart; and of Messrs. Chinnock and Co., Land Agents and Surveyors, 11, Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, S.W.

THE NEW RIVER (the choicest home investment of this or any other age).

MESSRS. EDWIN FOX and BOUSFIELD will SELL at the Mart, on WEDNESDAY, May 15th, at 2 o'clock precisely, in 75 lots, exceedingly valuable FREEHOLD ESTATES, offering to trustees, large and small capitalists, investments unequalled in character both for present security and future prospects, comprising—

One-fourth part of a Freehold Share in the Adventurers' Moiety of the Estates and Interests of the New River, in 20 lots, income at Christmas last £550.

One-fourth part of a Freehold Share in the King's Moiety of the Estates and Interests of the New River, in 20 lots, income at Christmas last £546 13s. 4d.

One-fifth part of a Freehold Share in the King's Moiety aforesaid, in 11 lots, income at Christmas last £437 6s. 8d.

Thirty £100 New Shares in the New River (fully paid up), participating in all the advantages of the real property shares, and yielding 10 per cent per annum.

Twenty-eight London Bridge Waterworks Annuities of £2 10s. each, for 205 years unexpired, payable by the New River.

The income in respect of the above several properties at Christmas last was, as above shown, £1,756 17s., being an increase of about one hundred per cent. on that of a few years since, and but a tithe of what may be expected in years to come. The New River was originally held in moieties by King James I. and Sir Hugh Myddelton, its founder, hence the distinctive appellations of the King's Moiety and the Adventurers' Moiety. Descriptive advertisements see the *Times* of Monday. Particulars of Messrs. Shobridge and May, Solicitors, 19, Lincoln's Inn Fields; of Messrs. Field, Roscoe and Co., Solicitors, 36, Lincoln's Inn Fields; M. Jameson, Esq., Solicitor, 4, Verulam Buildings, Gray's Inn, W.C.; Messrs. Finch, Jennings and Finch, Solicitors, 2, Gray's Inn-square, W.C., and of Messrs. Edwin Fox and Bousfield, 99, Gresham-street, Bank, E.C.

STUD HORSES.

AT HEATH HOUSE STUD FARM, NEW-MARKET.

ANDRED, a limited number of thorough bred mares, at 10 guineas a mare, and one guinea the groom.

Apply to Mr. M. DAWSON, as above.

AT THE STUD COMPANY'S FARM, COBHAM, SURREY.

BLUE GOWN, at 100 guineas. (Subscription full.)

CARNIVAL, at 50 guineas.
GEORGE FREDERICK, at 50 guineas.
WILD OATS, at 25 guineas.
CATERER, at 25 guineas.

All expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Foaling mares at 25s. per week; barren mares at 20s. per week.

Apply to J. GRIFFITH, Stud Groom.

AT BAUMBER PARK, NEAR HORNCastle, LINCOLNSHIRE.

CERULEUS (own brother to Blue Gown), by Beadsman, out of Bas Bleu, by Stockwell, a few mares at 15s. groom's fee included; dams of good winners at half price.

MERRY SUNSHINE (own brother to Sunshine), by Thormanby, out of Sunbeam, by Chanticleer, at 10s. groom's fee included; foaling mares at 21s. and barren mares at 14s. per week; all expenses to be paid before the mares are removed. Both these horses are sound.

Apply to MR. SHARPE, as above.

AT FINSTALL, BROMSGROVE.

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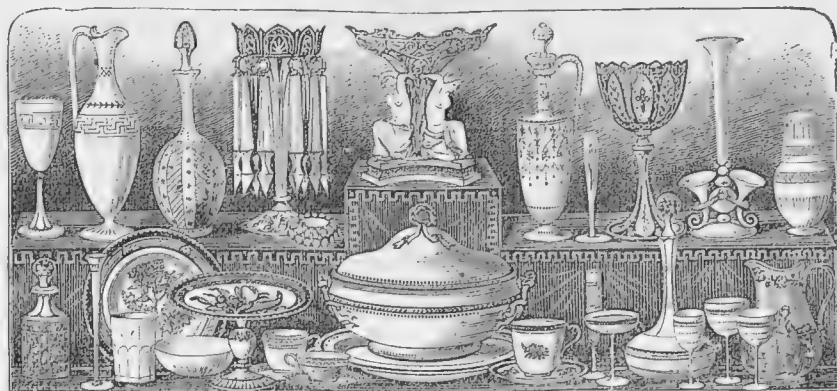
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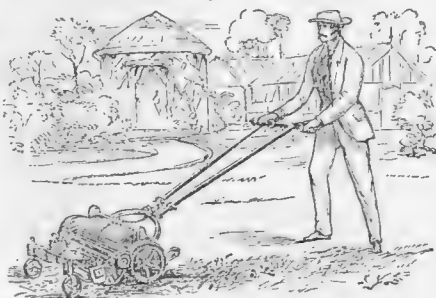
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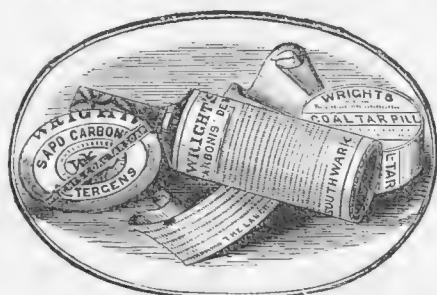
Reynard in the hand of the whipper-in, who looks
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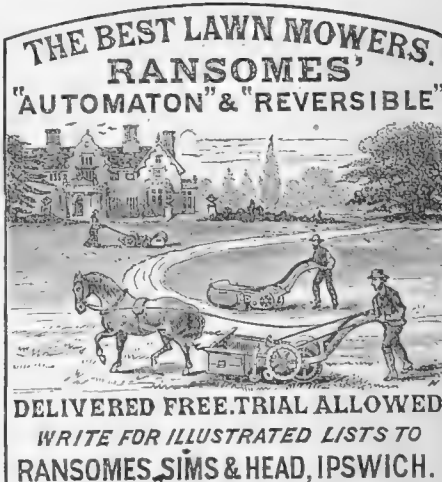
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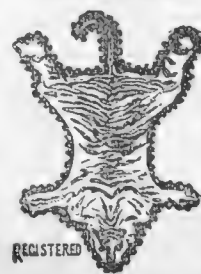
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2. NONCONFORMIST.
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4. GERALD.
5. JESSICA.
6. WALRUS.
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9. FOG; quiet in harness.

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Further particulars in future papers.

MR. TAILBY'S HORSES.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL have received instructions from W. Tailby, Esq. (in consequence of his giving up the Hounds), to SELL by AUCTION, near Albert Gate, Hyde Park, on THURSDAY, May 16th, his ENTIRE STUD of HORSES, which have been regularly hunted during the past season.

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Particulars in future advertisements.

THURSDAY'S SALES.

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on THURSDAY, May 23rd, without reserve, about TWENTY-EIGHT HORSES, that have been carrying the Huntsman and Whips of the Holderness Hounds, the property of the Hon. A. Pennington, who is resigning the Mastership.

NINTH ANNUAL QUORN SALE.

MESSRS. TATTERSALL have received instructions from John Coupland, Esq., Master of the Quorn Hounds, to SELL by AUCTION, near Albert Gate, on MONDAY, May 27th, FORTY HORSES, which have been ridden by himself and servants during the season. A very superior lot. Also HACKS and HARNESS HORSES.

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On SATURDAY, June 22nd, the Stud Company's, at Cobham.

On SATURDAY, June 29th, the Royal Yearlings, at the Hampton Court Paddock.

On SATURDAY, July 6th, the Middle Park Sale.

THE MIDDLE PARK SALE will take place on SATURDAY, the 6th of July, the Saturday after Stockbridge and before the July Meeting.

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THE ILLUSTRATED Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1878.

THE dogs have had their day in Parliament, and amid wars and rumours of wars, the deep baying of the hound, the sharp bark of the "varmint" destroyer, and the shrill "yap" of the household pet, has been heard; and statesmen have smilingly put the question by of protocols and conferences in order that the tax to be levied on our canine friends might be adjusted to the satisfaction of their haters and admirers alike. For a long time an almost prohibitory burden was imposed upon "fanciers," as most of us will recollect; but as a set-off to this, no great care was exercised in the enforcement or collection of the tax, and people paid up pretty much as it suited their conscience or convenience. It was only comparatively late in the day that a paternal government awoke to the conviction that something more might be done to increase the revenue in this direction (inasmuch as financiers had begun to cast about in all directions for rateable objects); and accordingly it came to pass that the tax was considerably reduced, and a determination made to see to its more strict collection. Undoubtedly the "dollar" payable for the privilege of keeping a dog was the means of vastly increasing the collection of "mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound" throughout Her Majesty's dominions, and thenceforth the poor man began to indulge in what was previously a too expensive luxury, and the dog became as much of a family institution as his natural enemy, Greymalkin. The improvement of the breed, however, sedulously cultivated at shows in all parts of the kingdom, did not penetrate to the pariah classes, which waxed and multiplied so enormously among their humbler admirers; and thus doubtless the country was flooded with a host of ineffable mongrels, the existence of which could be said to benefit nobody—nay, not even the tax-collector, who either failed to fix their ownership on responsible persons, or was met with the ever-ready and not easily refutable assertion that the "dawg" was not yet of the age at which the law declared its owner liable to contribute towards the revenue for the privilege of its possession. When the Chancellor of the Exchequer brought forward his proposition in this year's Budget to increase the tax upon dogs, the immediate effect of that announcement was to make certain parties prick up their ears, and hail the measure with the same degree of satisfaction as one of the canine species might be supposed to feel at the sight of a rat in a cage or the scent of a cat in a bag. There arose a clamour, as of hounds at feeding-time, for a greater increase even in the tax than had been proposed, and the "miscynnes" had it all their way for a few moments, like curs barking at a hedgehog until the "workman" comes to dispatch it in dignified silence. Strange to say, there are many who regard dogs in the light of "Snarleywows," and would class them among such useless luxuries as the "powder" plastered on lacqueys; but these would-be philanthropists were not to have things all their own way, and low grunts issuing from the kennel in which some big dogs reclined foreshadowed the coming storm. For a time the House seemed to resolve itself into a dog-show, various sounds, indicative of fear, anger, and pleasure, arising from the benches on either side, and all the varieties of the canine family being distinguishable by their various "voices." Here might be heard the shrill convulsive shriek of the mongrel, who both hated and feared dogs, clamouring for their extra taxation; there the cheery bark of the sportsman and the deeper bay of the M.F.H., protesting against undue interference with their pets. Then arose a warm discussion anent the age when a dog should be reckoned to attain his qualification for contributing to the revenue; and there was much talk of sheep-dogs, blind men's dogs, and others exempted from figuring in the Inland Revenue returns of each year. Finally, the question was amicably settled, and if it partook strongly of the storm in a teacup episode, it formed at any rate a pleasing interlude during the warlike debates which have occupied the time of members during the Session. We quite agree with more than one speaker who insisted upon the certainty of better results being obtained were the tax equitably enforced, instead of being, as at present, allowed to go its own way, much after the fashion of old times, when no awkward questions were asked, and no inquiries made concerning liabilities of owners. Be the causes what they may, it has undoubtedly come to pass that the dog-tax is the most easily eluded of all financial burdens, and that its avoidance weighs less heavily on the consciences of Her Majesty's lieges than other imposts the amount of which is greater as well as being more easily ascertainable. It is notorious that many persons have for years evaded, and still continue to evade, the attentions of police authorities in the matter of keeping dogs; but this surely need not be the case if these officers did their duty and paid occasional visits of inspection to suspected quarters. Why should not an individual be compelled occasionally to produce his dog-licence, and, if need be, to parade his pack before properly authorised persons to see if the number of dogs kept corresponded with the duty paid? We seldom or never hear of such "visitations" being made, while in the meantime the "unattached" class of dogs seems to undergo no marked diminution, if we may judge from the specimens which roam at large through populous places, and are to be found at every street-corner in our towns, content to "take up" with anybody who can find them in food or concealment, and occasionally undertaking a day's poaching on their own account. Doubtless a good many of these outcasts have been "run in" by the blue brigade, or have received the "happy despatch" at the Home for Lost Dogs, but a large proportion still roam about, unreclaimed, notorious "rogues and vagabonds," perverting and corrupting the morals of others of their species, and veritable "sad dogs," only fit to be hanged or drowned.

Unfortunately, the law can afford to make no subtle dis-

tinctions among dogs, or with human beings, and is bound to tar all canine specimens with the same impartial brush. Otherwise we would advocate the recognition of ability and nobility of race, among dogs as among men, and compel only the idle, the reprobate, and the vagrant to pay for the bad example they show. The fact of being a "racing dog" was sufficient in the eyes of one honourable Member during the late debate to cause him to be improved from off the face of the earth; but let us hope that the term was meant to apply to one of that much abused class which furnishes occupation to "roughs" at low sporting "pubs," where dog-racing is the staple amusement of holiday afternoons. For ourselves, we would gladly see dogs of real ability in field sports among those totally exempt from taxation, or mulcted in half the impost required for mere fancy animals, the abnormal ugliness of which is oftentimes their sole recommendation. Such refinements of distinction it would be, of course, next to impossible to draw with any hope of impartiality, and expensive and ponderous machinery would be needed to carry out this eminently "class legislation." But we think that dogs used wholly and solely for the purposes of the chase—be they stag-hounds, fox-hounds, harriers, or beagles—might be exempted altogether from taxation, seeing that they minister to the enjoyment of the most popular of our national sports, and are indirectly the means of promoting healthy influences among the youth of England. An exception in favour of these, and a more rigid system of supervision in cases where no such immunity can be claimed, would be a step in the right direction; and we commend this idea to the attention of providers of our national ways and means, who may be induced, on other occasions of introducing their budgets, to take the embargo off sporting dogs and impose it upon unprofitable members of canine society.

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. C. H.—Thanks for the problem.
H. B.—The two rules referred to practically exclude the best English players from the tournament. We understand that Messrs. Potter, Blackburn, Bird, and Macdonnell are all opposed to them. Why do not those gentlemen at once acquaint the Paris Committee with their views on the subject?
S. W. E.—Thanks for the two games.
Solutions of Problem No. 184 by G. D., J. G., and A. G. are correct.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 176.

1. H to Kt 3. Anything.
2. Q or B mates.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 177.

1. R to Q 7. K moves.
2. B to Q 3. Anything.
3. R mates.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 178.

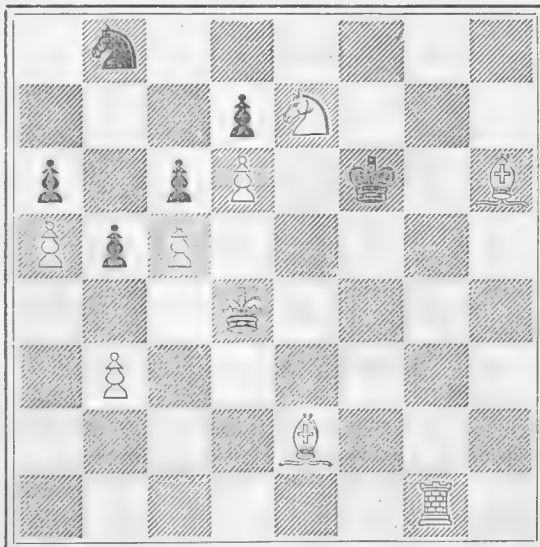
1. R to K 5. Anything.
2. R discovers mate.

The following beautiful composition is from *La Stratégie*—

PROBLEM NO. 185.

By M. E. A. SCHMITT, of Delfshaven.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and compel Black to mate him in four moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

An interesting game played a few days since at Simpson's Divan between two strong amateurs:—

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
(Rev. S. W. Earnshaw.)	(Philidor's Deferer.)	(Rev. S. W. Earnshaw.)	(Rev. S. W. Earnshaw.)
1. P to K 4.	P to K 4.	20. B to B 3.	Q to B 2.
2. Kt to K B 3.	P to Q 3.	21. Kt takes Kt.	B takes Kt.
3. P to Q 4.	P takes P.	22. P to Kt 3.	KR to K sq.
4. Q takes P.	B to Q 2.	23. KR to K sq.	R takes R.
5. B to K B 4.	Kt to Q B 3.	24. R takes R.	Q to R 4.
6. Q to Q 2.	B to K 2.	25. Q to K 4.	Q takes R P (ch).
7. Kt to B 3.	Kt to B 3.	26. K to Kt sq.	Q to Kt 5.
8. B to K 2.	P to Q K 3.	27. Q to B 4 (ch).	K to K 2.
9. P to Q R 3.	P to R 3.	28. R to K 6.	P to B 5.
10. P to R 3.	P to K 3.	29. Q to B 7.	P takes P.
11. Kt to Q 4.	Q to Q 2.	30. R takes B.	P takes P (dis ch).
12. Castles QR.	Castles QR.	31. K takes P.	P to Q 6 (ch).
13. B to K 3.	P to Q 4.	32. K to Q sq.	Q to Kt 8 (ch).
14. Kt takes B.	P takes Kt.	33. K to Q 2.	Q to Kt 7 (ch).
15. P takes P.	P takes P.	34. K to K 3.	Q to Q 5 (ch).
16. B to Q 4.	Kt takes B.	35. K to Q 2.	Q takes B P (ch).
17. Q takes Kt.	P to Q B 4.	36. K to Q sq.	Q to B 7 (ch).
18. Q to K 3.	P to Q 5.		
19. Kt to K 4.	K to Kt sq.		

(a) This move was invented by Mr. Boden, and played very successfully by him against some of the best players of the day; it is decidedly superior to Kt to B 3.
(b) Cook, in his excellent "Synopsis," prefers this to the move usually played, viz., B to K 3, inasmuch as it prevents Black from playing presently his Kt to K 4; but we think the best form of attack in that opening is to plant this B at K 3, and the K at K 2, and then to Castle the QR.
(c) Generally a lost move, but not so in the present case, as it provides for the advance of the Q Kt P. if White Castles on Queen's side.
(d) Very well played. Black has now quite as good a game as his opponent.
(e) Dangerous; but he seems to have no better course.
(f) A blunder that loses a valuable pawn, and exposes his King to a violent attack.
(g) Suicidal; K to Q sq en route for his Majesty's original side of the board might have given him a chance of drawing the game.
(h) Useless; better to have played Q to Q 3.
(i) White plays the end-game in capital style, adopting the simplest but most artistic mode of terminating the contest.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND WRESTLING.

IN accordance with annual custom, there was wrestling in the Cumberland fashion on Good Friday, the arena being Lillie Bridge, and the competitors a fairly representative lot of men from the four counties mentioned in the conditions of battle. "The bill of the play" lacks its former attractiveness. Time, which beats the stoutest wrestler, has placed Dick Wright and Bill Jameson on the shelf. Not that one has to note a scarcity of good men and true in Cumberland, Westmoreland, Northumberland, and Durham—far otherwise.

The Miller was a stout carl for the nones,
Full bigge he was of braun and eke of bones;
That proved wel, for over all ther he came,
At wrestling he wold bore away the ram.

Such a possessor of them and sinew as Dan Chaucer's Miller would find no difficulty in meeting his match nowadays. He could be accommodated on Tyneside and Teesside—at Talkin Tarn, Carlisle, or Lillie Bridge. Concerning the Good Friday gathering at West Brompton, one may say that it reached the London average of the meetings of late years, and fell short (at any rate, this is our opinion) of those famous and somewhat free-and-easy anniversaries of cheerful memory which were wont to take place at the Agricultural Hall. As an open-air gathering it was probably the best that has been held, not excepting that singular affair at Hendon some years since. The weather was varied; but it leant to the side of placability, and its rigours, such as they were, were not unbearably moist. The attendance of the public was large, and the arrangements—thanks chiefly to the Secretary of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Society, Mr. Armstrong, and an industrious staff, were satisfactory alike to competitors and spectators.

The Eleven Stone Prize for London produced twenty-nine entries and some spirited play. The fourth round saw the success of W. Lawson, of Dufton, who felled H. Alderson, of Kendal, and J. Irving, of Stapleton, to whom R. Ashbridge, of Penrith, had to succumb. In the final set-to Irving threw Lawson twice in succession, and won. The prize for countrymen, Eleven Stone, produced an entry of forty. In the fifth round Ralph Pooley, of Longlands, brought down John Moffatt, of Bampton, W. Matthews, of Moss Side, being odd man. This, of course, brought Pooley and Matthews together in the final. After each had scored a fall, Matthews "was declared the winner by a toss!" This result caused much dissatisfaction, and no wonder. Surely the committee ought to have withheld the prize. Once in the ring the men were bound by the laws of the game to wrestle it out, and in the event of a difficulty arising about "the hold" it was the judges' duty to provide for its removal. For the All-weights' Champion Prize there were forty-eight competitors, including three Pooleys, Steadman, and the owner of a name famous in the annals of the sport these years past—W. Blair. It was not difficult for an expert to name the first three. In the fourth round John Carr, of Whincliffe, fell to W. Blair, of Solport Mill; W. Matthews to T. Pooley, of Longlands; and R. Pooley, of Longlands, to sturdy G. Steadman, of Drybeck. In the next round T. Pooley fell to a back-heel from Blair, Steadman being odd-man; and in the final he cross-buttocked Steadman twice in succession, and won the prize and the championship of the year.

The pole-leaping was decided as follows.—R. Baggott, Sea Dyke, 10ft 3in, first (5); W. Barron, Keswick, 10ft 2in, second; John Thwaites, Keswick, 10ft 1in, third. J. Cowan (Allanwood), J. Pearson (Keswick), W. Robson (Whitehaven), T. Atkinson, (Naworth), and David Powley (Keswick) also competed. And the Quarter-mile Handicap (open) thus:—Final heat: H. Head, first (5); W. Thomas, second (4); J. Lee, third (3); H. W. Barton, fourth; J. Fenton, 0; J. Deane, 0; S. Lowter, 0; G. Lee, 0; W. Wood, 0. Won, with something in hand, by four yards; two yards between second and third, and a yard between third and fourth. Time, 47 1-5sec.

We ought to remark that the umpires, Messrs. B. Coulthurst and T. Holmes, and the referee, Mr. T. Mein, performed their onerous duties in a manner that left nothing to be desired. On another page we give a page of sketches of the day's sports, from the pencil of Mr. F. Dadd.

"STARRING IT IN SOUTH AFRICA."

IN these days of mail steamers everyone travels, and those who are unacquainted with "foreign parts" are daily becoming more exceptional. Some of the old school, who in their youth had none of the advantages that young England now enjoys, even now may venture a voyage out somewhere; and what a refreshing sight such an one then presents—full of enthusiastic admiration as our elderly bass for instance, who is making his first foreign tour! He has got over his sea-sickness and enjoys everything; everything charms him until a few weeks of colonial discomfort and extortion, and all the minor ills, serve to send him home again thoroughly disgusted, a sadder and a wiser man. The young lady from London, accustomed to her hansom cab and metropolitan railway, at first seems to like the novelty, till a few of the stern realities make her seriously consider the advisability of a re-engagement at home with all its drawbacks. The colonial born artist thinks nothing of all this one way or the other, as with "The General" he is "something curious," and takes immensely; he draws crowded houses where Sims Reeves would sing to empty benches. The distinguished artist has performed in every quarter of the globe; he thinks of little else than his profits and himself. An Adonis this, and still a youth, though he has seen some fifty summers or more. His tastes are equestrian, and he feels he is never seen to such advantage as on horseback.

"La Favourita," as we will call her, has sung all the world over, and has passed through perils by land and by sea innumerable. She can scarcely realise that cruel years have stolen from her many of those charms of voice and person that made her once the petted favourite of half the crowned heads of Europe. "Sic transit gloria mundi;" so, indeed, when we find a former distinguished member of the Christy Minstrels blarneying an up-country "big tin pot" for the loan of a school-room for the evening's entertainment. For the sketches from which Mr. Frost has rendered the page which will be found in another part of this impression we are indebted to the kindness of Dr. Glanville, of Adelaide, South Africa.

"NIGHT" and "Morning" are the titles of two companion-pictures, painted by Mr. John Cheltenham Wake, we have lately had the pleasure of seeing. The first is an elaborate painting of the interior of a well-known saloon in the West-end, frequented nightly by the gay and foolish. It is most faithfully represented; the majority of those present are portraits. Your interest is immediately arrested by the centre figure, that of a young girl, apparently triumphant in the midst of her admirers, to whom a voice whispers—

Thou shalt not fear to quit this world so mad,
So wicked:

for soon she is to fly for evermore

From this dark den of crime.

The sequel is told in the second picture. An inquest is being held on the body of the unfortunate girl in the parlour of a riverside tavern. Through the window river-steamers, barges, pleasure-boats, contrast the miserable death. The painter has treated his subject with great delicacy of feeling and strength of workmanship, preaching a forcible sermon.





ELDORF.—THE FINAL GROUP.

SHE TRUSTED HIM.

"BESSIE, your father has set his heart on this match."
 "Yes, I sadly fear he has."
 "Fear!—but I guess what is in your mind, and, knowing what's in your father's, have only to say that if you desire peace and quietness you will give Stephen Ewbank his answer. He's no good."

"Mother!"
 "I say it. Two years since he was as canny a lad as could be. Look at him now."

"Do be just, mother. He cannot help it."
 "Rubbish! The 'cannot help it' never try. I liked him then. Let him fancy that I believed it was to play cribbage with me, or hold arguments with your father, that brought him across the fell in all weathers, and when he asked for you, Bessie, I didn't say 'No': neither did I say 'Yes.' I just told him Wilfrid Stanton's daughter was worth waiting for. Ay, weep on, my girl—only at your age it would have taken a great many Stephen Ewbanks to have made my eyes wet. His aunt died. She was a poor muddlin' body, with her chapel ideas and cranky ways: much too good for the inside of a creditable dairy, as every ounce of her butter proved. I'm sure I hope she's better suited where she is—and it didn't surprise me to hear that she'd left the farm to plausible John, who never did a wrong thing in his life, or a right one either, with his designing treats to the Sunday-schools and high teas to the ministers. But Stephen! He took his aunt's death to heart, to be sure for the most part in convenient taverns, and wandered up and down the countryside like a tinker come into a fortune, and then——"

"Mother! it is cruel of you to asperse him thus."
 "Nearly as bad. Is there ever a cricket-match, or a wrestling, or any such idle excuse for wasting good daylight, he is not atop of? And when winter comes round it's hunting with young Lord Bassenthwaite, if you please, or murdering game with a party from the Hall, until I should fancy there's scarcely a penny of his mother's bit of money left. Now, Mr. Newington——"
 "That odious name!—Stephen ought to have shared Boulderby equally with John, and Lord Bassenthwaite has promised if——"

"Promised! and 'if,' my dear! Why, there's not a pair of worse traitors in the dictionary! Ask your father what he thinks of them for a marriage portion."

"Stephen would have emigrated, I think, if I had given him the least encouragement. He has been unfortunate lately, poor fellow, but you would not have him take a hind's place?"

"And why not? As good as he have stooped lower, to rise higher than ever he will, I'm thinking. Anything would be better than lazing about as he is doing now—I am coming."

The eyes of the fair girl sparkled defiantly and her lips stirred with a half-coined expression of anger as a querulous voice summoned her mother to the adjoining room.

Wilfrid Stanton, at present temporarily invalided, was an admirable specimen of a class of Northerners who, endowed with plenty of physical stamina, apt at figures, and born rulers of their fellows, help mightily to spread a belief in the invincibility of luck. He had easily passed from brickmaking, his original occupation, to constructing railways, and was now one of the shrewdest and most successful of contractors: with "views" as to the bestowal of his one spoiled child, the which he was quite determined should be carried out.

Mrs. Stanton returned after a brief absence, and, carefully closing the door, sat down beside her daughter, saying in a low grave voice:

"Your father heard all we said. He declares—but there, I will not repeat his words. My darling, you know how we have loved and indulged you: do not forget that we would not cross you now if it were not for your good."

For some moments the fall of a cinder from the grate and the ticking of the clock were the only sounds that broke the portentous stillness. At length, starting from the constrained attitude into which she had insensibly fallen on her mother's reappearance, Elizabeth Stanton suddenly left the room, and almost as suddenly returned.

"Bessie," said her mother in a tone of surprise, "you are surely not going out at this hour?"

"I must, or break my word."

"To meet him?"

"Even him, mother. I will not detain you long."

The mother made no reply, and the daughter sped to the tryst. She had not far to go. Near a clump of firs that threw shadows black as themselves across the moonlit road—within sight and wellnigh within hearing of her cosy little Westmoreland home—Stephen Ewbank was waiting. He, tall and stalwart, a handsome son of the soil, strode swiftly forward, and would have clasped her in his arms, but she drew shrinkingly back.

"Lizzie!" he exclaimed, "what has happened? It was only last night——"

"You may say last night, Stephen. I have grown old and wise since then. My mother has been talking about you."

"She——"

"Is my mother, Stephen. We must part."

"I see," he exclaimed. "You have joined the rest of them. You mistrust me."

"No. Not yet. I bid you go while there is time for you to restore to others the Stephen Ewbank whom they once knew and esteemed, my Stephen Ewbank who—might—possibly—not—be mine—I think,—if he remained."

It was well for his better self that the gentle accusing angel never heard the first fierce answer which trembled unspoken on his lips. The second, husky and hesitating, was a worthier tribute to her unflinching loyalty. It was a painful interview, but he was another being from the moment he declared that "her will should be his." Her last words were "Stephen, I do trust you."

They parted, he to prepare for leaving Westmoreland—England—the morrow, she to furnish materials to her mother for building a comfortable castle in the air.

Parted, for how long? He neither knew nor cared much. It was true, every word of it, the character which Bessie's shrewd mother had given him, and "cornered" by her, he would have frankly admitted the fidelity of the damaging impeachment. On that side of the fell there was not a farmer's son, or yeoman, or miner, who could hold his own against Stephen Ewbank in a wrestling ring. His invincible "back-heel" was known and perpetually gloried by the natives of more than two counties, and there was not a lad his weight who could put in a swinging hipec like his. He was a handsome, clean-limbed, careless son of the soil, and he loved Bessie, but it had quite needed a rebuke like that which she had just now bestowed to compel him to face the future in the way it ought to be faced. He must be true to himself. She could keep the rival favoured by her father at arm's length. He ground his teeth at the sound of the hated name, and muttered an inarticulate threat which seemed to add to the speed of his steps as he left her and dived into the outer darkness.

His nearest way home lay past the encampment of a gang of navvies who for some weeks had been engaged on a cutting for a new line of railway which was intended to connect that part of lake-land with the excursionist world beyond. He was too deep in thought to look ahead and wonder what made the works and the rude habitations of the men stand out beneath the moon with such unusual distinctness. An explanation was supplied before the night was an hour older.

"Is that you, Mr. Steve?" exclaimed a harsh voice which seemed to rise with its masculine possessor eerily from the earth.

"It is. What! Alick Cain? Is Kirby too hot, or is it a bit of wire that has brought you so far afield?"

"Neither, I solemnly declare. There's plenty up yonder"—pointing to the encampment—"to clear the countryside of every feather and scut in it, without me. It's a long way round, but aw wanted to speak to you."

"To me?"
 "Ay. Awm a bishoprick bred 'un, but never mind that. My rustlin' days is ommost over, and there's never a heavy weight in't county tee clip his wings nobbut yours; and so——"

"What are you driving at?"

"Wait a bit. At Penrith t'other neet they were talkin' about rustlin', and threapin me down there wasn't a man livin' could fell the Slommacker—you know, Wilkison Snapperton o' Cumwhitton—and aw said aw wasn't see sure about that. Wait a bit. We were in the thick of the fratchin, when in comes Mr. Slommacker hissel. 'Wad aw name my man?' says they all at once. Aw said aw wad, and aw did. My man, says I, is Stephen Ewbank o' Boulderby."

"And I should like to know what right you had to mention my name in such company?"

"Nobbut—wait a bit. Nane at all. But didn't aw see you hipec Ike Teesdale, and wadn't I have bet my life on your fellin' this lump o' consate? Sartlin'."

"Cain, I have resolved never to wrestle—in fact, I leave the country to-morrow."

"Only wait a bit. Listen. They've finished up there cutting through Catnab, and Mr. Newington—t'engineer chap—has turned on the yal freely, and has made hissel quite at home wi' them. Snapperton is at work on the job, and if you pass by that fire and yon roaring lot, there'll be mischief——"

"What?"

"Somebody's told him when to look out for you, and they mean a match tee neet. Dinnot gie them a chance."

Stephen Ewbank's first and wiser impulse was to follow the advice of his humble admirer; but when he thought of his rival, and admitted the probability—which he eagerly did—of his being at the bottom of what looked like a vile conspiracy, there came "a tightening twitch all over," and he strode forth without another word, his companion making noble if fruitless efforts to keep up with him, and beseeching him to "be canny," and not throw a chance away.

For some moments Steve and his gnarled companion trudged on without exchanging a word. At length, having reached an opening in the road which disclosed a group of men at work in the light cast by a huge fire, the youngster said—

"Stick to me, Alick. There's the Slommacker. And now for a word with his backer." Approaching the person in question, he exclaimed, "You are Mr.—Mr. Newington, I believe."

"Suppose I am, what then?"

"Not much. Only my name is Stephen Ewbank, and I understand you have been making free with it. Stop—I am not done yet. Now, I never allow anybody to do that without knowing the reason why. What is your game?"

"My game, Mr. Ewbank, as you please to term it: I have no game. I am quite willing to explain, nevertheless. I have a man working in this gang named Snapperton, who is a skillful wrestler; hearing that Mr. Stephen Ewbank was an adept at the sport I expressed a wish to see you matched. That was all." And he smiled scornfully, and turned on his heel.

"Wrestle him—aye, and you afterwards, now Mr. Newington, now sir."

"Haud thee hand, lad; haud thee hand," murmured Cain, with touching earnestness. "This is nae place for rustlin'."

"Oh! awm ready," slowly remarked a brawny giant, who, followed by his mates, drew near to Stephen. "Th' 'd better strip."

"First time," said Stephen.

"Verra weel, forst time be it."

Deigning no reply, Stephen proceeded to prepare for the fray. Cain, not unmindful of a whispered consultation between Newington and the Slommacker, pouring words of sage counsel into Stephen's ear as that too eager youth impatiently kicked off his boots, and got ready for the hold.

In the fitful light cast by the fire, obscured too as that was by the restless movements of the muttering spectators, it was impossible for old Alick, Stephen's only adherent, to see that his champion had fair play. Twice they essayed the hold, and twice the giant declined to accept Stephen's offer. The third time he caught him unawares, foully in fact, and putting the whole of his brute strength into force he brought the youth to the ground as though he meant to shake all the breath out of his body.

Stephen moved not. He was insensible. Cain rushed to his assistance, shouting after the retiring group—

"You may well skulk away, ye cowards. Slommacker, thou shall pay for this. Thou snapped him, and thou knaws it. Haud up, my lad, thou's worth a hundred deead ones. Haud up."

"Thanks, I am all right again. Let me rise. I never went like that before."

"Want of condition," replied Alick Cain. "Aw could scarcely contain myself, for aw knew if you gat under he'd fall atop with all his weight—an' he did. Aw gat you up as well as aw could and browt you here."

"What said Mr. Newington?"

"Him? Laughed and said, in a fleerin' way, 'This will be a fine tale for old Stanton; well done, Snapperton, there's five shillings for you.' There now, you'll do. Nothing like cold water."

Whether or not the trap into which Stephen had rashly fallen had been contrived by his rival, it was evident that that rival rejoiced in his discomfort, and meant to make malignant use of it. When he parted with Alick he gripped him by the hand and said:

"Good-bye, old friend; there'll be a return-match one of these days—then you may back me."

"I will!" exclaimed the old man.

Eighteen months had elapsed, and except to those immediately concerned the startlingly sudden disappearance on one morning of both Lizzie's lovers was almost forgotten. There had been frequent excuses for nine days' wonders since then. Stephen's departure had been deliberate enough, but—Mr. Newington's? Anyhow the latter had not since been heard of!

Letters, their receipt unforbidden by Mrs. Stanton, who was a shrewd as well as an affectionate mother, were periodically received from Stephen by Lizzie. The old lady was pleased to hear that the boy was doing well, and so was her husband. He, touched to the quick by what he conceived to be Mr. Newington's contemptuous treatment of his daughter, abstained from inquiring after "young Ewbank," but he nevertheless made careful note of the odd scraps of news which occasionally found their way across the Atlantic into his dining-room.

Eighteen months had passed, and it was noon of the second day of Silver Tarn Regatta. The boat-racing was over, "the pit-laddies frae canny Newcassel" having once more carried everything before them, and the hot sun shone on a concourse of border-folk of both sexes, who were waiting impatiently for the bell to ring-in the first couple of the wrestlers who had put down

their names to compete for Lord Bassenthwaite's prize. The Weardale men had so far been most successful, but it was now gleefully noised abroad that their heavy champion had "put his ankle out, and t' Slommacker had nobbut to gan in and win."

The men from the works were present in hundreds. Mr. Wilfrid Stanton, who would not have missed the sight for a very great deal, was there, and Mrs. Stanton, and—her daughter! although it must be confessed that both ladies derived more enjoyment from several entirely independent wanderings by the side of the Tarn than from even a distant contemplation of the bouts of the wrestlers. Alick Cain was not absent—dear me, no. In the lighter-weight contests he had, old and stiff as he was, wrestled his way into the third round, and, besides, had been made superlatively happy with a prize for "neatness of costume." His name was actually down with those of men twice his size to try a fall for the Bassenthwaite, but now the bell has rung for the third time, and "John Paterson o' Bewcastle is blawn oot," where is Cain? Why, yonder, utterly defiant of fitness, in pursuit of Mrs. Stanton's carriage.

"Have you seen your dow—do you know where Miss Stanton is, ma'am?" he breathlessly asks.

"Hark to the man's impudence—No; yes, she was here this very minute. What do you want with her?"

"Oh! nowt much; dinnot put yoursell oot," replied he petulantly; adding, an instant afterwards—"There she is!"

Before Mrs. Stanton had time to remonstrate, Lizzie, looking excitedly—overpoweringly pretty, approached the impatient old boy and said:

"You are wanted, Mr. Cain, by the side of the ring."

Away he sped at a most surprising rate, and, after nearly upsetting Mr. Stanton, crossed to the officials who had charge of the list of competitors, and, throwing off his shoes, waited in semi-gladiatorial costume for the announcement of his name:

"Alexander Cain, o' Ker'by Moorside, and Stephen Ewbank, o' Boulderby!"

"Ewbank o' Boulderby!" was repeated by a thousand tongues in various tones of wonderment, and when the splendid figure of "our Steve" was seen overtopping that of his grizzled adversary, a cheer that could not be restrained rang forth and carried dubiety into the bosoms of Snapperton's mates. Lizzie heard the shout, but she did not know until long afterwards that her father had helped to swell its hearty volume.

The bout was brief. Stephen, a browner, possibly a handsomer, and certainly a sterner Stephen than the hero of the untoward Catnab affair, laid the hero of bygone years gently on the greensward, and, holding quietly aloof from the friends of his youth, who were naturally anxious to squeeze his right hand into a jelly, waited for the Slommacker.

That giant was obviously uneasy in his mind. He had confidently anticipated a walk-over for the prize, and here was a man, maybe able, and he had every reason to believe desperately willing, to dispute its possession. The end was foreseen from the outset: Ewbank and the Slommacker must come together in the final round, and they did.

In the midst of the hubbub which greeted the pair, and cries of "Ten shillin' or a sovereign on this fall" (Cain's voice, clear and conspicuous, announcing the owner's desire to invest on "the blue"), a carriage was driven to the edge of the ring. For a moment only one of the occupants stood up and glanced at the pair: but one moment, Lizzie, yet you threw a lifetime of meaning into those blue eyes of yours as they met those of the swarther and sligher of the wrestlers. It was enough. He smilingly touched the bit of blue ribbon on his arm, turned to his adversary, and in an instant the cry was raised:

"They have hold!"

The Slommacker's play invariably resolved itself into dogged exhibitions of unadorned strength, but for once in his life he found that something more than mere force was requisite to enable him to put down his man. Stephen would not be "gathered;" he declined to have his feet knocked from under him; and when he found that his ancient adversary had exhausted his tactics, he tried the old back-heel, and amid a veritable scream of delight from his henchman Alick, and a roaring cheer from the crowd, won the first fall of the final round.

They were not long in again coming together, and if the Slommacker looked spiteful, Ewbank felt so. The hold was instantaneous, and, as it chanced, amazingly good for Ewbank. Snapperton was already worsted. "Give him a 'tuein,' Steevie, lad; remember t' last time ye met!" No occasion to remind him of that. Stephen had got the more advantageous grip, and he let the Slommacker know it. Every device he could exercise for "tuein" him did he put in force, and after playing his man to his heart's content, he suddenly stooped, and with one mighty wrench threw the redoubtable Slommacker clean over his head.

I think they would have borne him in triumph from the ring, if the Catnab lads had not torn him to pieces on the way; but from both fates he was spared by—whom think you?—Wilfrid Stanton, who gripped him by the hand and hurried him to his carriage.

"Jump in, my bonnie lad! Not a word. Finest buttock I ever saw—I swear it! Enough to pulverise every bone in his body. I heard of that other business. Lizzie, my lass, kiss him!—what, you refuse? Nay, then, I don't understand women."

Neither did he. That kind of knowledge is not common, although everybody thinks he possesses it.

They had fairly got beyond the noise of the holiday-keepers, when Stephen said:

"Before I travel another foot I want to say something. Will you stop the carriage?"

The carriage was stopped.

"When I left Westmoreland your intended son-in-law, Mr. Newington——"

"What of him?" said Mr. Stanton, sharply.

"This!—and Stephen handed him a letter."

"How?—the scoundrel!"

This was what Mr. Stanton read aloud:—

"Mrs. Newington, to whom I was engaged when I left Canada, and whose brother summoned me suddenly from Westmoreland, joins with me in hoping that you will forgive my folly."

"But it's not quite like his writing—eh!"

"His right arm was damaged when he wrote it."

"How—what?" enquired Lizzie's father.

"Those attentions which you so especially favoured"—the old gentleman winced at this—"were the attentions of a contemptible male flirt. It appears that just before I left Westmoreland for Canada he was suddenly summoned thither by a male relative of his present wife. I met him in Canada. It was after my interview with him that he wrote that letter. If you had been present you would not have wondered at the change which took place in his handwriting."

Wilfrid Stanton laughed joyously and exclaimed:

"Wife, I know your opinion—what says my Lizzie?"

"That I TRUSTED HIM when others did not, and shall to the end of my life."

BYRON WEBBER.

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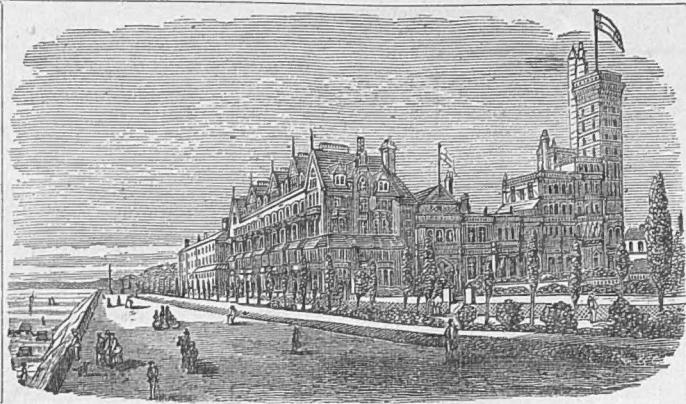
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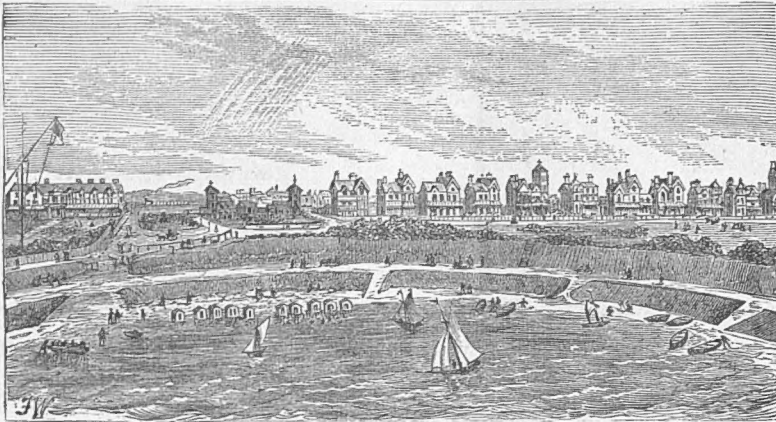
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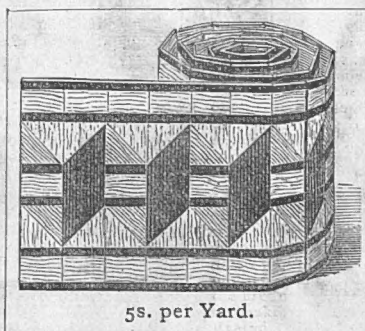
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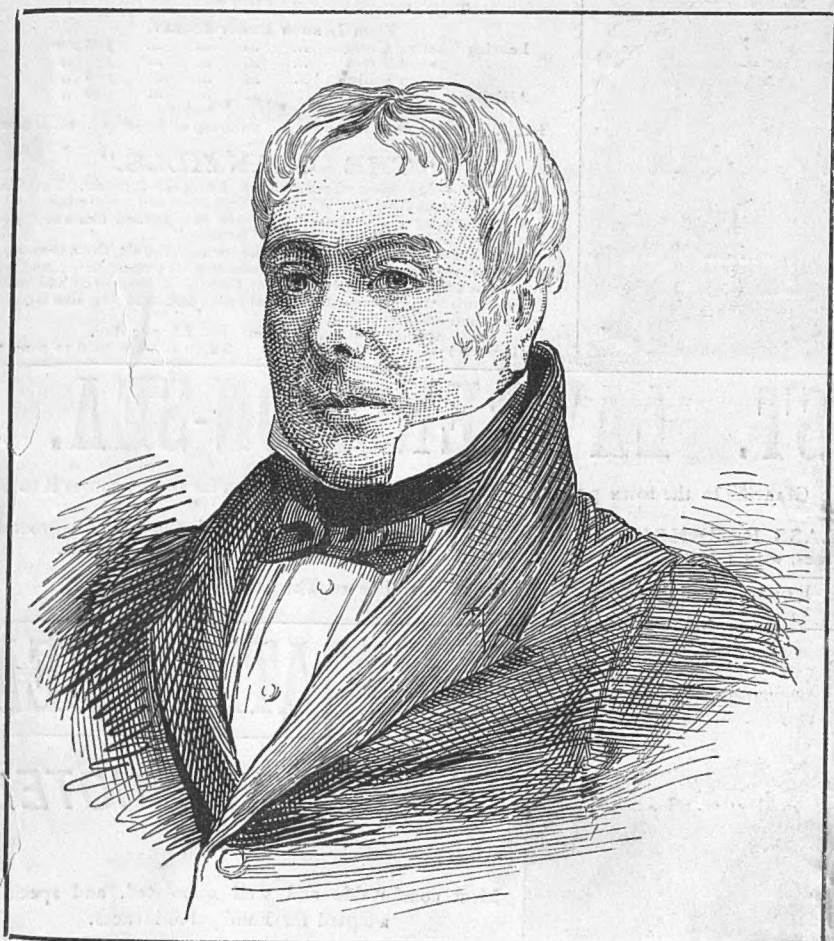
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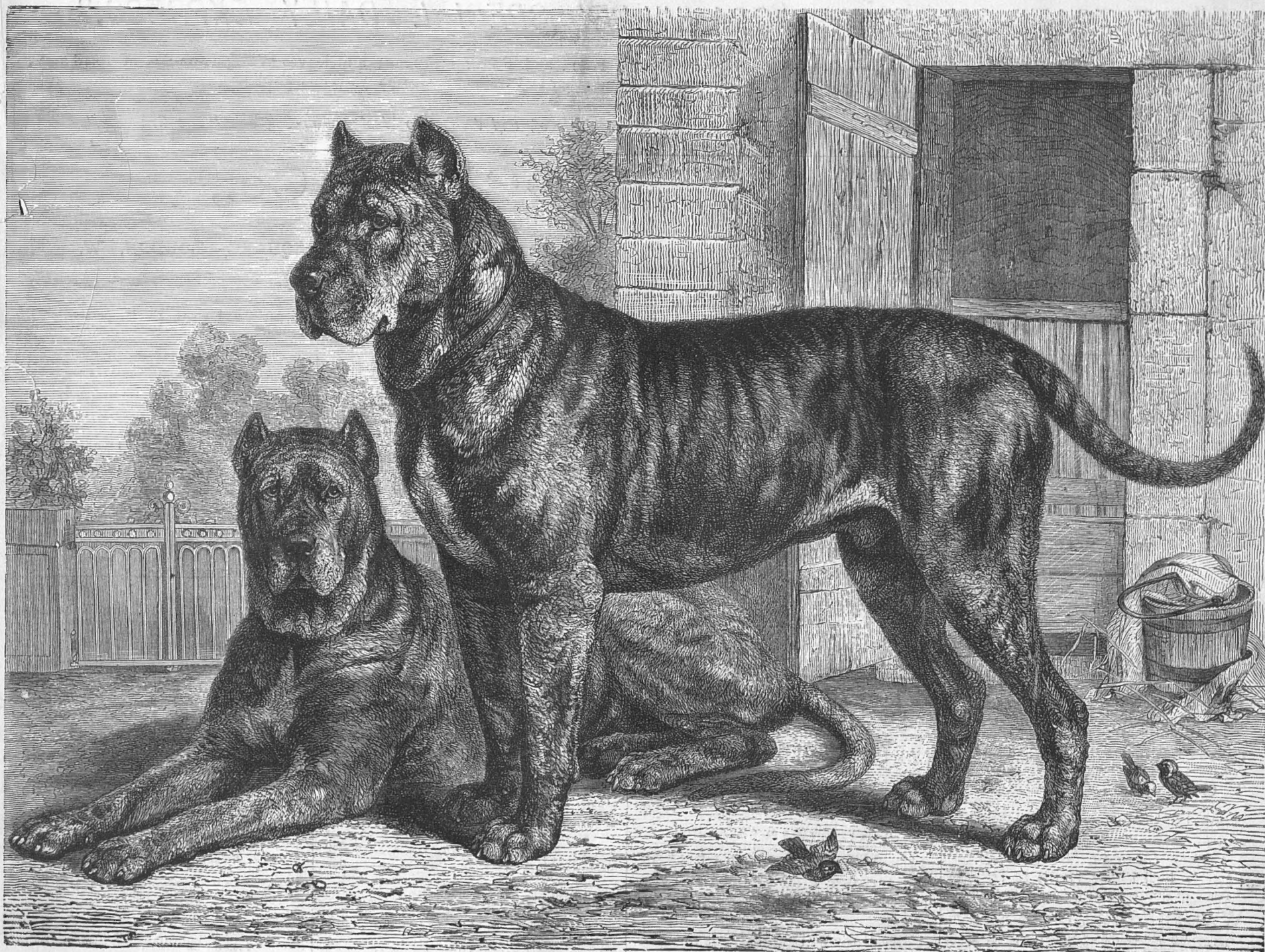
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